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A
P I C T U R E - B O O K
WITHOUT PICTURES:

And Other Stories.

FROM THE DANISH

OF

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

TRANSLATED BY

MARY HOWITT.-

With a Memoir of the Author.



NEW-YORK:
C. S. FRANCIS & CO., 252 BROADWAY.
BOSTON:
J. H. FRANCIS, 128 WASHINGTON STREET.
1848.

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MEMOIR OF
HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.
BY MARY HOWITT.



MEMOIR.

WHETHER regarded as the human being asserting in his own person the true nobility of mind and moral worth, or the man of genius, whose works alone have raised him from the lowest poverty and obscurity, to be an honored guest with kings and queens, Hans Christian Andersen is one of the most remarkable men of his day.

Like most men of great original talent, he is emphatically one of the people; and writing as he has done, principally of popular life, he describes what he himself has suffered and seen. Poverty or hardship, however, never soured his mind; on the contrary, whatever he has written is singularly genial, and abounds with the most kindly and universal sympathy. Human life, with all its

trials, privations, and its tears, is to him a holy thing ; he lays bare the heart, not to bring forth hidden and revolting passions or crimes, but to show how lovely it is in its simplicity and truth : how touching in its weaknesses and its short-comings ; how much it is to be loved and pitied, and borne and striven with. In short, this great writer, with all the ardor of a strong poetical nature, and with great power in delineating passion, is eminently Christian in spirit.

It is a great pleasure to me that I have been the means of making the principal works of Hans Christian Andersen known, through my translations, to English readers ; they have been well received by them, and I now give a slight memoir of their author, drawn from the True Story of his own Life, sent by him to me for translation, and which has lately been published.

The father of Hans Christian Andersen was a shoemaker of Odense. When scarcely twenty, he married a young girl about as poor as himself. The poverty of this couple may be imagined from the circumstance that the house afforded no better bedstead than a

wooden frame, made to support the coffin of some count in the neighborhood, whose body lay in state before his interment. This frame, covered with black cloth, and which the young shoemaker purchased at a very low price, served as the family bedstead many years. Upon this humble bed was born, on the second of April, 1805, Hans Christian Andersen.

The father of Andersen was not without education; his mother was the kindest of human beings; they lived on the best terms with each other, but still the husband was not happy. He read comedies and the Arabian Tales, and made a puppet theatre for his little son, and often on Sundays took him out with him into the woods round Odense, where the solitude was congenial to his mind.

Andersen's grandmother had also great influence over him, and to her he was greatly attached. She was employed in taking care of a garden belonging to a lunatic asylum, and here he spent most of the summer afternoons of his early childhood.

Among his earliest recollections is the residence of the Spaniards in Funen, in the years

1808 and 1809. A soldier of an Asturian regiment took him one day in his arms, danced with him amid tears of joy, which no doubt were called forth by the remembrance of a child he had left at home, and pressed the Madonna to his lips, which occasioned great trouble to his pious mother, who was a Lutheran.

In Odense at that time many old festivities were still in use, which made a deep impression on the boy, and were as so much material laid up in his richly poetical mind for after use, as all who are familiar with his works must be well aware. His father, among other works, industriously read in his Bible. One day he closed it with these words : "Christ became a man like unto us, but a very uncommon man !" at which his wife burst into tears, greatly distressed and shocked at what she called "blasphemy." This made a deep impression on the boy, and he prayed in secret for the soul of his father. Another day his father said, "There is no other devil but what a man bears in his own breast !" After which, finding his arm scratched one morning when he awoke, his

wife said it was a punishment of the devil, to teach him his real existence.

The unhappy temper of the father increased from day to day ; he longed to go forth into the world. At that time war was raging in Germany. Napoleon was his hero, and as Denmark had now allied itself to France, he enlisted as a private soldier in a recruiting regiment, hoping that some time or other he might return as a lieutenant. The neighbors, however, thought it was all a folly to let himself be shot for no purpose at all. The corps in which he served went no farther than Holstein ; the peace succeeded, and the poor shoemaker returned to his trade, only chagrined to have seen no service, nor even been in foreign lands. But though he had seen no service, his health had suffered ; he awoke one morning delirious, and talked about campaigns and Napoleon. Young Andersen, then nine years old, was sent to the next village to ask counsel from a wise woman.

“ Will my poor father die ? ” inquired he, anxiously.

“ If thy father will die,” replied she, “ thou wilt meet his ghost on thy way home.”

Terrified almost out of his senses lest he should meet the ghost, he set out on his homeward way, and reached his own door without any such apparition presenting itself, but for all that, his father died on the third day.

From this time young Andersen was left to himself. The whole instruction that he ever received was in a charity-school, and consisted of reading, writing, and arithmetic, but of the two last he knew scarcely anything.

About this time he was engaged by the widow of a clergyman in Odense, to read aloud to herself and her sister-in-law. She was the widow of a clergyman who had written poems. In this house Andersen first heard the appellation of *poet* ; and saw with what love the poetical talent of the deceased pastor was regarded. This sunk deeply into his mind ; he read tragedies, and resolved to become a poet, as this good man had been before him.

He wrote a tragedy, therefore, which the two ladies praised highly ; it was handed about in manuscript, and people laughed at

it, and ridiculed him as the "play-writer." This wounded him so deeply, that he passed one whole night weeping, and was only pacified, or rather, silenced, by his mother threatening to give him a good beating for his folly. Spite, however, of his ill success, he wrote again and again, studying, among other devices, German and French words, to give dignity to his dialogue. Again the whole town read his productions, and the boys shouted after him as he went, "Look ! look : there goes the play-writer."

One day he took to his schoolmaster, as a birthday present, a garland, with which he had twisted up a little poem. The schoolmaster was angry with him ; he saw nothing but folly and false quantities in the verses, and thus the poor lad had nothing but trouble and tears.

The worldly affairs of the mother grew worse and worse, and as boys of his age earned money in a manufactory near, it was resolved that there also Hans Christian should be sent. His old grandmother took him to the manufactory, and shed bitter tears because the lot of the boy was so early toil

and sorrow. The workmen in the factory were principally German, and discovering that Andersen had a fine voice, and knew many popular songs, they made him sing to them while the other boys did his work. He knew himself that he had a good voice, because the neighbors always listened when he sang at home, and once a whole party of rich people had stopped to hear him, and had praised his beautiful voice. Everybody in the manufactory heard him with equal delight.

“I can act comedy as well!” said the poor boy one day, encouraged by their applause, and began to recite whole scenes from the comedies which his father had been in the habit of reading. The workmen were delighted, and the other boys were made to do his tasks while he amused them all. This smooth life of comedy acting and singing lasted but for a short time, and he returned home.

“The boy must go and act at the theatre!” many of the neighbors said to his mother; but as she knew of no other theatre than that of the strolling players, she shook her head,

and resolved rather to put her son apprentice to a tailor.

He was now twelve, and had nothing to do ; he devoured, therefore, the contents of every book which came in his way. His favorite reading was an old prose translation of Shakspeare. From this, with little figures which he made of pasteboard, he performed the whole of King Lear, and the Merchant of Venice.

Andersen's passion for reading, and his beautiful voice, had in the meantime drawn upon him the attention of several of the higher families of the city, who introduced him to their houses. His simple, child-like behavior, his wonderful memory, and his sweet voice, gave to him a peculiar charm ; people talked of him, and he soon had many friends ; among others, a Colonel Guldborg, brother to the well-known poet of that name, and who afterwards introduced him to Prince Christian of Denmark.

About this time his mother married a second time, and as the step-father would not spend a penny, or do any thing for her son's education, he had still more leisure. He had

no playfellows, and often wandered by himself to the neighboring forest, or seated himself at home, in a corner of the house, and dressed up little dolls for his theatre, his mother in the meantime thinking that, as he was destined for a tailor, this was all good practice.

At length the time came when he was to be confirmed. On this occasion he had his first pair of boots; he was very vain of them, and that all the world might see them, he pulled them up over his trousers. An old sempstress was employed to make him a confirmation-suit out of his deceased father's great coat. Never before had he been possessed of such excellent clothes; the very thoughts of them disturbed his devotions on the day of consecration.

It had been determined that Andersen was to be apprenticed to a tailor after his confirmation, but he earnestly besought his mother to give up this idea, and consent to his going to Copenhagen, that he might get employment at the theatre there. He read to her the lives of celebrated men who had been quite as poor as himself, and assured her that he also would one day be a celebrated man.

For several years he had been hoarding up his money; he had now about thirty shillings, English, which seemed to him an inexhaustible sum. As soon as his mother heard of this fund, her heart inclined towards his wishes, and she promised to consent on condition that they should consult a wise woman, and that his going or staying should be decided by her augury. The sibyl was fetched to the house, and after she had read the cards, and studied the coffee-grounds, she pronounced these words.

“Your son will become a great man. The city of Odense will one day be illuminated in his honor.”

A prophecy like this removed all doubts.

“Go, in God’s name!” said his mother, and he lost no time in preparing for his great journey.

Some one had mentioned to him a certain female dancer at the Royal Theatre as a person of great influence; he obtained, therefore, from a gentleman universally esteemed in Odense, a letter of introduction to this lady; and with this, and his thirteen rix-dollars, he commenced the journey on which depended

his whole fate. His mother accompanied him to the city gate, and there his good old grandmother met him; she kissed him with many tears, blessed him, and he never saw her more.

It was not until he had crossed the Great Belt that he felt how forlorn he was in the world; he stepped aside from the road, fell on his knees, and besought God to be his friend. He rose up comforted, and walked on through towns and villages, until, on Monday morning, the 5th of September, 1819, he saw the towers of Copenhagen; and with his little bundle under his arm he entered that great city.

On the day after his arrival, dressed in his confirmation-suit, he betook himself, with his letter of introduction in his hand, to the house of the all-potential dancer. The lady allowed him to wait a long time on the steps of her house, and when at length he entered, his awkward, simple behavior and appearance displeased her; she fancied him insane, more particularly as the gentleman from whom he brought the letter was unknown to her.

He next went to the director of the theatre, requesting some appointment.

"You are too thin for the theatre," was the answer he obtained.

"Oh," replied poor Andersen, "only ensure me one hundred rix-dollars, and I will soon get fat!"

But the director would make no agreement of this kind, and then informed him that they engaged none at the theatre but people of education. This settled the question; he had nothing to say on his own behalf, and, dejected in spirit, went out into the street. He knew no human creature; he thought of death, and this thought turned his mind to God.

"When everything goes adversely," said he, "then God will help me; it is written so in every book that I ever read, and in God I will put my trust!"

Days and weeks went on, bringing with them nothing but disappointment and despair; his money was all gone, and for some time he worked with a joiner. At length, as, with a heavy heart, he was walking one day along the crowded streets of the city, it

occurred to him that as yet nobody had heard his fine voice. Full of this thought, he hastened at once to the house of Professor Siboni, where a large party happened to be at dinner, and among the guests Baggesen, the poet, and the celebrated composer, Professor Weyse. He knocked at the door, which was opened by a female servant, and to her he related, quite open-heartedly, how forlorn and friendless he was, and how great a desire he had to be engaged at the theatre; the young woman went in and related this to the company. All were interested in the little adventurer; he was ordered in, and desired to sing, and to give some scenes from Holberg. One of these scenes bore a resemblance to his own melancholy circumstances, and he burst into tears. The company applauded him.

“I prophecy,” said Baggesen, “that thou wilt turn out something remarkable; only don’t become vain when the public admires thee.”

Professor Siboni promised immediately that he would cultivate Andersen’s voice, and that he should make his debut at the Theatre

Royal. He had a good friend too in Professor Weyse, and a year and a half were spent in elementary instruction. But a new misfortune now befell him ; he lost his beautiful voice, and Siboni counselled him to put himself to some handicraft trade. He once more seemed abandoned to a hopeless fate. Casting about in his mind who might possibly befriend him, he bethought himself of the poet Guldberg, whose brother the colonel had been so kind to him in Odense. To him he went, and in him he happily found a friend ; although poverty still pursued him, and his sufferings, which no one knew, almost overcame him.

He wrote a rhymed tragedy, which obtained some little praise from Oehlenschläger and Ingemann—but no *debut* was permitted him on the theatre. He wrote a second and third, but the theatre would not accept them. These youthful efforts fell, however, into the hand of a powerful and good man, Conference Counsellor Collin, who, perceiving the genius that slumbered in the young poet, went immediately to the king, and obtained permission from him that he should be sent,

at Government charges, to one of the learned schools in the provinces, in which, however, he suffered immensely, till his heart was almost broken by unkindness. From this school he went to college, and became very soon favorably known to the public by true poetical works. Ingemann, Oehlenschläger, and others then obtained for him a royal stipend, to enable him to travel; and he visited Germany, France, Switzerland, and Italy. Italy, and the poetical character of life in that beautiful country, inspired him; and he wrote the "Improvisatore," one of the most exquisite works, whether for truthful delineation of character, or pure and noble sentiment, that ever was penned. This work most harmoniously combines the warm coloring and intensity of Italian life with the freshest and strong simplicity of the north. His romance of "O. T." followed; this is a true picture of the secluded, sober life of the north, and is a great favorite there. His third work, "Only a Fiddler," is remarkable for its strongly drawn personal and national characteristics, founded upon his own experience in early life. Perhaps

there never was a more affecting picture of the hopeless attempts of a genius of second-rate order to combat against and rise above poverty and adverse circumstances, than is given in the life of poor Christian, who dies at last "only a fiddler."

In all these works Andersen has drawn from his own experience, and in this lies their extraordinary power. There is a child-like tenderness and simplicity in his writings; a sympathy with the poor and the struggling, and an elevation and purity of tone, which have something absolutely holy about them; it is the inspiration of true genius, combined with great experience of life, and a spirit baptized with the tenderness of Christianity. This is it which is the secret of the extreme charm his celebrated stories have for children. They are as simple and as touching as the old Bible narratives of Joseph and his brethren, and the little lad who died in the corn field. We wonder not at their being the most popular books of their kind in Europe.

It has been my happiness, as I said before, to translate his three principal works, his Picture Book without Pictures, and several of

his stories for children. They have been likewise translated into German, and some of them into Dutch, and even Russian. He speaks nobly of this circumstance in his life. "My works," says he, "seem to come forth under a lucky star, they fly over all lands. There is something elevating, but at the same time something terrific in seeing one's thoughts spread so far, and among so many people; it is indeed almost a fearful thing to belong to so many. The noble and good in us becomes a blessing, but the bad, one's errors, shoot forth also; and involuntarily the prayer forces itself from us—'God! let me never write down a word of which I shall not be able to give an account to thee!' a peculiar feeling, a mixture of joy and anxiety, fills my heart every time my good genius conveys my fictions to a foreign people."

Of Andersen's present life we need only say that he spends a great deal of his time in traveling; he goes from land to land, and from court to court, everywhere an honored guest, and enjoying the glorious reward of a manly struggle against adversity, and the

triumph of a lofty and pure genius in seeing its claims generously acknowledged.

Let us now see the son of the poor shoemaker of Odense—the friendless, ill-clad, almost heart-broken boy of Copenhagen—on one of those occasions, which would make an era in the life of any other literary man, but which are of every day occurrence in his. I will quote from his own words.

“I received a letter from the ministry, Count Rantzau Breitenburg, containing an invitation from their majesties of Denmark to join them at the watering-place of Föhr; this island lies in the North Sea, on the coast of Sleswick. It was just now five and-twenty years since I, a poor lad, traveled alone and helpless to Copenhagen. Exactly the five-and-twentieth anniversary would be celebrated by my being with my king and queen. Everything which surrounded me, man and nature, reflected themselves imperishably in my soul; I felt myself, as it were, conducted to a point from which I could look forth more distinctly over the past, with all the good fortune and happiness which it had evolved for me.

“Wyck, the largest town of Föhr, in which

are the baths, is built like a Dutch town, with houses one story high, sloping roofs, and gables turned to the street. The number of strangers there, and the presence of the Court, gave a peculiar animation to it. The Danish flag was seen waving, and music was heard on all hands. I was soon established in my quarters, and was invited every day to dine with their majesties as well as to pass the evening in their circle. On several evenings I read aloud my little stories to them, and nothing could be more gracious and kind than they were. It is so well when a noble human nature will reveal itself, where otherwise only the king's crown and the purple mantle might be discovered.

“I sailed in the train of their majesties, to the largest of the Halligs, those grassy runes in the ocean, which bear testimony to a sunken country. The violence of the sea has changed the mainland into islands, has again riven these, and buried men and villages. Year after year are new portions rent away and in half a century's time there will be nothing left but sea. The Halligs are now low islets, covered with a dark turf, on which a few

flocks graze. When the sea rises, these are driven to the garrets for refuge, and the waves roll over this little region, which lies miles distant from any shore. Oland, which we visited, contains a little town; the houses stand closely side by side, as if in their sore need they had huddled together; they are all erected on a platform, and have little windows like the cabin of a ship. There, solitary through half the year, sit the wives and daughters spinning. Yet I found books in all the houses; the people read and work, and the sea rises round the houses, which lie like a wreck on the ocean. The church-yard is half washed away; coffins and corpses are frequently exposed to view. It is an appalling sight, and yet the inhabitants of the Halligs are attached to their little home, and frequently die of home-sickness when removed from it.

“We found only one man upon the island, and he had only lately arisen from a sick-bed; the others were out on long voyages. We were received by women and girls; they had erected before the church a triumphal arch with flowers, which they had

fetched from Föhr, but it was so small and low, that one was obliged to go round it ; it nevertheless showed their good will. The Queen was deeply affected by their having cut down their only shrub, a rose-bush, to lay over a marshy place which she had to cross.

“ On our return, dinner was served on board the royal steamer, and afterwards as we sailed in a glorious sunset through this archipelago, the deck of the vessel was changed to a dancing hall : servants flew hither and thither with refreshments ; sailors stood upon the paddle-boxes and took soundings, and their deep tones might be heard giving the depth of the water. The moon rose round and large, and the promontory of Amrom assumed the appearance of a snow-covered chain of Alps.”

The next day he visited the wild regions about the promontory, but our space will not admit of our giving any portions of wild and grand sea-landscape which he here describes. In the evening he returned to the royal dinner-table. It was on the above mentioned five-and-twentieth anniversary, on the 5th of September ; he says,

“The whole of my former life passed in review before my mind. I was obliged to summon all my strength to prevent myself bursting into tears. There are moments of gratitude, in which we feel, as it were, a desire to press God to our hearts ! How deeply I felt at this time my own nothingness, and how all, all had come from him ! After dinner the king, to whom Rantzau had told how interesting the day was to me, wished me happiness, and that most kindly. He wished me happiness in that which I had endured and won. He asked me about my early, struggling life, and I related to him some traits of it.

“In the course of conversation he asked me of my annual income. I told him.

“‘That is not much,’ said he.

“‘But I do not need much,’ I replied ; ‘my writings furnish something.’

“‘If I can in any way be serviceable to you, come to me,’ said the king in conclusion.

“In the evening, during the concert, some of my friends reproached me for not making use of my opportunity.

“‘The king,’ said they, ‘put the words into your mouth.’

“‘I could not have done more,’ said I; ‘if the king thought I required an addition to my income, he would give it of his own free will.’

“And I was right; in the following year the king increased my annual stipend, so that with this and my writings I can live honorably and free from care.

“The 5th of September was to me a festival day. Even the German visitors at the baths honored me by drinking my health in the pump-room.

“So many flattering circumstances, some people argue, may spoil a man and make him vain. But no, they do not spoil him, they make him, on the contrary, better; they purify his mind, and he thereby feels an impulse, a wish to deserve all that he enjoys.”

Such are truly the feelings of a pure and noble nature. Andersen has stood the test through every trial, of poverty and adversity; the harder trial that of a sun-bright prosperity, is now proving him, and so far, thank God, the sterling nature of the man has remained unspoiled.

A PICTURE-BOOK WITHOUT PICTURES.



It is wonderful ! When my heart feels the most warmly, and my emotions are the noblest, it is as if my hands and my tongue were tied ; I cannot describe, I cannot express my own inward state ; and yet I am a painter ; my eye tells me so ; and every one who has seen my sketches and my tablets acknowledges it.

I am a poor youth ; I live over there in one of the narrowest streets, but I have no want of light, because I live up aloft, with a view over all the house-tops. The first day I came into the city it seemed to me so confined and lonesome ; instead of the woods and the

green breezy heights, I had only the grey chimneys as far as I could see. I did not possess one friend here ; not a single face which I knew saluted me.

One evening, very much depressed in mind, I stood at my window ; I opened it and looked out. Nay, how glad it made me ; I saw a face which I knew ; a round, friendly face, that of my dearest friend in heaven ; it was the Moon—the dear old Moon, the very same, precisely the same, as when she peeped at me between the willow trees on the marshes. I kissed my hand to her ; she shone right down into my chamber, and promised me, that every night when she was out she would take a peep at me. And she has honestly kept her word—pity only that she can remain for so short a time !

Every night she comes she tells me one thing or another which she has seen either that night or the night before. “Make a sketch,” said she, on her first visit, “of what

I tell thee, and thus thou shalt make a really beautiful picture-book !”

This I have done ; and in this way I might give a new *Thousand and One Nights* in pictures : but that would be too much ; those which I have given have not been selected, but are just as I heard them. A great, genial-hearted painter, a poet, or a musician, may make more of them if he will ; that which I present is only a slight outline on paper, and mixed up with my own thoughts, because it was not every night that the moon came ; there was now and then a cloud between us.

FIRST EVENING.

Last night,—these are the Moon's own words,—I glided through the clear air of India; I mirrored myself in the Ganges. My beams sought to penetrate the thick fence which the old plantains had woven, and which formed itself into an arch as firm as the shell of the tortoise. A Hindoo girl, light as the gazelle, beautiful as Eve, came forth from the thicket. There is scarcely anything so airy and yet so affluent in the luxuriance of beauty, as the daughter of India. I could see her thoughts through her delicate skin. The thorny lianas tore her sandals from her feet, but she stepped rapidly forward; the wild beast which came from the river, where it had quenched its thirst, sprang past her,

for the girl held in her hand a burning lamp. I could see the fresh blood in her fingers as she curved them into a shade for the flame. She approached the river ; placed the lamp on the stream ; and the lamp sailed away. The flame flickered as if it would go out ; but still it burned, and the girl's dark, flashing eyes followed it with her whole soul beaming from under her long silken eyelashes ; she knew that if the lamp burned as long as she could see it, then her beloved was alive ; but if it went out, then that he was dead. The lamp burned and fluttered, and her heart burned and fluttered also ; she sank on her knee and breathed a prayer : close beside her, in the grass, lay a water-snake, but she thought only of Brama and her beloved. " He lives !" exclaimed she, rejoicingly, and the mountains repeated her words, " he lives !"

SECOND EVENING.

It was last evening,—said the Moon,—that I peeped down into a yard inclosed by houses. A hen was there with eleven chickens; a little girl was playing around them; the hen set up a cackling cry, she was frightened, and spread out her wings over her eleven young ones. With that, out came the father of the child and scolded her. This evening (it is only a few minutes since,) the moon looked down again into that yard. Everything was quite still; presently, however, out came the little girl, and stole very softly to the hen-house, lifted the latch, and crept in to the hen and the chickens. The hen and chickens set up a loud cry, and flew here and there, and the little girl ran after them.

Again the father came out, and now he was very angry indeed, and scolded her, and pulled her out of the hen-house by her arm ; she hung back her head, and there were large tears in her blue eyes.

“ What wast thou doing here ? ” asked the father. She wept ; “ I only wanted,” said she, “ to kiss the hen, and ask her to forgive me for yesterday : but I did not dare to tell thee.”

The father kissed the sweet innocent on her forehead ; the moonlight fell lovingly upon her eyes and mouth.

THIRD EVENING.

In a narrow street, just by,—said the Moon,—which is so very confined that only just for one minute can my beams fall upon the walls of the houses—and yet at this moment I can look abroad and see the world as it moves—into this narrow street I looked and saw a woman. Sixteen years ago and she was a child; she lived away in the country, and played in the old pastor's garden. The hedges of roses had grown out of bounds for many years; they threw their wild untrimmed branches across the path, and sent up long, green shoots into the apple-trees; there was only a rose here and there, and they were not beautiful as the queen of flowers may be, although the color and the

odor were there. The pastor's little daughter, however, was a much more beautiful rose : she sate upon her little wooden stool under the wild untrimmed hedge, and kissed her doll with the broken face.

Ten years later I saw her again ; I saw her in the splendid dancing-hall ; she was the lovely bride of a rich tradesman, and I rejoiced in her good fortune. I visited her in the still evening. Alas ! my rose had put forth also wild shoots like the roses in the pastor's garden !

Every-day life has its tragedy—this evening I saw the last act. Sick to death, she lay in that narrow street, upon her bed. The wicked landlord, her only protector, a man rude and cold-hearted, drew back the curtain. "Get up !" said he, "thy cheeks are pale and hollow ; paint thyself ! Get money, or I will turn thee out into the streets ! Get up quickly !"

"Death is at my heart !" said she, "oh ! let me rest !"

He compelled her to rise ; painted her cheeks, twined roses in her hair, placed her at the window, with a burning light beside

her, and went his way. I glanced at her ; she sate immoveable ; her hands fell upon her lap. The window blew open, so that one of the panes of glass was broken ; but she moved not ; the curtains of the window were blown around her like a flame. She was dead. From that open window the dead preached powerfully ; my rose of the pastor's garden !

FOURTH EVENING.

I was last evening at a German play,—said the Moon ;—it was in a little city. The theatre was a stable ; that is to say, the stalls were made use of and decorated for boxes, the old wood-work was covered over with figured paper. There hung from the low roof a little iron chandelier, and in order that it might rise the moment the prompter's bell rang (as is the custom in large theatres), it was now covered by a tub turned upside down. The bell rang, and the little iron chandelier made a leap of half an ell, and by that token people knew that the comedy had begun. A young prince and his wife, who were traveling through the town, were to be present at the performance, and therefore it

was a very full house, excepting that under the chandelier it was like a little crater. Not a single soul sate there ; the chandelier kept dropping its oil—drop ! drop ! It was so hot in the little theatre that they were obliged to open all the holes in the walls to let in fresh air, and through all these peeped in lads and lasses from the outside, although the police sate by and drove them off with sticks.

Close by the orchestra, people saw the young princely couple sitting in two old arm-chairs, which otherwise would have been occupied by the burgomaster and his lady ; as it was, however, they sate upon wooden benches, like other townsfolk. “ One may see that there are falcons above falcons ! ” was Madame’s silent observation ; and after this all became more festal ; the chandelier made a leap upwards, the people began counting on their fingers, and I—yes, the Moon—was present during the whole comedy.

FIFTH EVENING.

Yesterday,—said the Moon,—I looked down upon busy Paris. I gazed into the chambers of the Louvre. An old grandmother, wretchedly clad, and who belonged to the lower class, entered the large, empty throne-room, accompanied by one of the under servants of the palace. It had cost her many small sacrifices, and very much eloquence had she used before she could be admitted here. She folded her thin hands, and looked as reverentially around her as if she had been in a church.

“It was here!” she said, “here!” and she approached the throne which was covered with a cloth of rich velvet, trimmed with gold. “There!” said she, “there!” and she bowed

her knee and kissed the crimson velvet—I think she wept.

“It was not *that* velvet,” said the attendant, while a smile played round his mouth.

“But still it was here!” said the woman, “and it looked in this room just so!”

“Just so,” replied he; “and yet it was not just so either: the windows were beaten out; the doors were torn off their hinges, and there was blood upon the floor! You can say, however, for all that, that your son died upon the throne of France!”

“Died!” repeated the old woman.

No more was said; they left the hall; the shades of evening fell deeper, and the moonlight streamed in with twofold brightness on the rich velvet of the throne of France.

I will tell thee a story. It was in the revolution of July, towards evening, on the most brilliant day of victory, when every house was a fortress, every window a redoubt, the people stormed the Tuilleries. Even women and children fought among the combatants; they thronged in through the

chambers and halls of the palace. A poor, half-grown lad, in ragged clothing, fought desperately among the elder warriors; mortally wounded at length by the thrusts of many bayonets, he sank to the ground; this took place in the throne-room. They wrapped the velvet about his wounds; the blood streamed over the royal purple. It was a picture! The magnificent hall; the combat-ing groups; a rent banner on the floor; the tri-colored flag floating above the bayonets; and upon the throne the poor lad, with his pale, glorified countenance, his eyes turned towards heaven; his limbs stiffening in death; his uncovered breast; his miserable garments, and around these the rich folds of the velvet, embroidered with silver lilies!

As that boy lay in the cradle, it had been foretold that he should die on the throne of France! His mother's heart had dreamed of a new Napoleon. The moonbeams have kissed the garland of everlasting upon his grave; her beams this night kissed the old grandmother's forehead as she dreamed of this picture—The poor lad upon the throne of France!

SIXTH EVENING.

I have been in Upsala,—said the Moon. She looked down upon the great castle, with the miserable grass of its trampled fields. She mirrored herself in the river Fyris, whilst the steam-boat drove the terrified fish among the reeds. Clouds careered along the moonlit sky, and cast long shadows over the graves, as they are called, of Odin, Thor, and Freya. Names are carved in the scanty turf upon the heights. Here there is no building-stone in which the visitors can hew their names; no walled fences on which they can paint them; they cut away, therefore, the turf, and the naked earth stares forth in the large letters of their names, which look like a huge net spread over the hill. An immortality which a fresh growth of turf destroys.

A man stood on the hill-top; he was a poet. He emptied a silver-rimmed mead-horn, and whispered a name, which he bade the wind not to reveal; a count's coronet shone above it, and therefore he breathed it low—the moonbeams smiled upon him, for a poet's crown shone above his! The noble name of Eleonora d'Este is united to Tasso's. I know where the rose of beauty grows. A cloud passed before the moon. May no cloud pass between the poet and his rose!

SEVENTH EVENING.

Down by the seaside there extends a wood of oaks and beeches, fresh and fragrant, and every branch is visited by hundreds of nightingales. Close beside is the sea, the eternally-moving sea, and between the sea and the wood runs the broad high-road. One carriage after another rolled past. I followed them not; my eye rested mostly on one spot where was a barrow, or old warrior's grave. Brambles and white thorns grew up from among the stones. There is the poetry of nature. Dost thou believe that this is felt by every one? Listen to what occurred there only last night.

First of all, two rich countrymen drove past. "There are some splendid trees there,"

said one. "There are ten loads of fire-wood in each," replied the other. "If the winter be severe, one should get forty rix dollars in spring for the measure!" and they were gone.

"The road is abominable here," said another traveller. "It is those cursed trees," replied his neighbor; "there is no circulation of air here, excepting from the sea:" and they advanced onward.

At that moment the diligence came by. All were asleep at the most beautiful point: the driver blew his horn, but he only thought, "I blow it capitally, and here it sounds well; what will they think of it?" And with that the diligence was gone.

Next came by two young country-fellows on horseback. The champagne of youth circulated through their blood; a smile was on their lips as they looked towards the moss-grown height, and the dark bushes. "I went there with Christine Miller," said one to the other; and they were gone.

The flowers sent forth their fragrance; every breeze slept; the sea looked like a portion of heaven spread out over a deep valley; a carriage drove along; there were six per-

sons in it, four of whom were asleep; the fifth was thinking of his new summer-coat which was so becoming to him; the sixth leaned forward to the driver, and asked whether there was anything remarkable about that heap of stones: "No," said the fellow, "it's only a heap of stones, but the trees are remarkable!" "Tell me about them," said the other. "Yes, they are *very* remarkable; you see, in winter, when the snow covers the ground, and everything, as it were, goes out in a twinkling, then those trees serve me as a landmark by which I can guide myself, and not drive into the sea; they are, therefore, you see, very remarkable,"—and by this time the carriage had passed the trees.

A painter now came up; his eyes flashed; he said not a word, he whistled, and the nightingales sang, one louder than another; "hold your tongues!" exclaimed he, and noted down with accuracy the colors and tints of the trees; "blue, black, dark-brown." It would be a beautiful painting! He made a sketch, as hints for his intended picture, and all the time he whistled a march of Rossini's.

The last who came by was a poor girl;

she sate down to rest herself upon the old warrior's grave, and put her bundle beside her. Her lovely, pale face inclined itself towards the wood as she sate listening ; her eyes flashed as she looked heaven-ward across the sea ; her hands folded themselves, and she murmured the Lord's Prayer. She did not understand the emotions which penetrated her soul ; but, nevertheless, in future years, this moment, in which she was surrounded by nature, will return to her much more beautifully, nay, will be fixed more faithfully in her memory, than on the tablets of the painter, though he noted down every shade of color. She went forward, and the moon-beams lighted her path, until daylight kissed her forehead !

EIGHTH EVENING.

There were thick clouds over the sky ; the Moon was not visible ; I stood in twofold solitude in my little room, and looked out into the night, which should have been illuminated by her beams. My thoughts fled far away, up to the great friend who told me stories so beautifully every evening, and showed me pictures. Yes, what has not she seen ! She looked down upon the waters of the deluge, and smiled on the ark as she now smiles upon me, and brought consolation to a new world which should again bloom forth. When the children of Israel stood weeping by the rivers of Babylon, she looked mournfully down upon the willows where their harps hung. When Romeo ascended

to the balcony, and the kiss of love went like a cherub's thought from earth, the round Moon stood in the transparent atmosphere, half concealed amid the dark cypresses. She saw the hero on St. Helena, when from his solitary rock he looked out over the ocean of the world, whilst deep thoughts were at work in his breast. Yes, what could not the Moon relate ! The life of the world is a history for her. This evening I see thee not, old friend ! I can paint no picture in remembrance of thy visit !—and as I dreamingly looked up into the clouds, light shone forth ; it was a moon-beam, but it is gone again ; dark clouds float past ; but that ray was a salutation, a friendly evening salutation from the Moon.

NINTH EVENING.

Again the air is clear ; I had again material for a sketch ; listen to that which I learned from the Moon.

The birds of the polar region flew onward, and the whale swam towards the eastern coast of Greenland. Rocks covered with ice and clouds shut in a valley in which the bramble and whortleberry were in full bloom. The fragrant lichen diffused its odor ; the Moon shone faintly ; its crescent was pale as the leaf of the water-lily, which, torn from its stalk, has floated for weeks upon the water. The northern-lights burned brightly ; their circle was broad, and rays went upwards from them like whirling pillars of fire, ascending through the whole sphere of the

heavens, in colors of green and crimson. The inhabitants of the valley assembled for dance and mirth, but they looked not with admiring eyes at the magnificent spectacle which was familiar to them. "Let the dead play at ball with the heads of the walrus!" thought they, according to their belief, and occupied themselves only with the dance and the song. In the middle of the circle, wrapped in fur, stood a Greenlander with his hand-drum, and accompanied himself as he sung of seal-hunting, and the people answered in chorus with an "Eia! eia! a!" and skipped round and round in their white furs like so many bears dancing. With this, trial and judgment began. They who were adversaries came forward; the plaintiff improvised in a bold and sarcastic manner the crime of his opponent, and all the while the dance went on to the sound of the drum; the defendant replied in the same manner; but the assembly laughed and passed sentence upon him in the meantime. A loud noise was now heard from the mountains: the icy cliffs were cleft asunder, and the huge tumbling masses were dashed to atoms in

their fall. That was a beautiful Greenland summer-night.

At the distance of a hundred paces, there lay a sick man within an open tent of skins; there was life still in his veins, but for all that he must die, because he himself believed it, and the people all around him believed it too. His wife, therefore, had sewn his cloak of skin tightly around him, that she might not be obliged to touch the dead; and she asked him—"Wilt thou be buried upon the mountains in the eternal snow? I will decorate the place with thy boat and thy arrows. The spirits of the mist shall dance away over it! Or wouldst thou rather be sunk in the sea?" "In the sea!" whispered he, and nodded with a melancholy smile. "There thou wilt have a beautiful summer-tent," said the wife; "there will gambol about thee thousands of seals; there will the walrus sleep at thy feet, and the hunting will be certain and merry!" The children, amid loud howlings, tore down the outstretched skin from the window, that the dying man might be borne out to the sea—the swelling sea, which gave him food during his lifetime, and now rest in death.

His funeral monument is the floating mountain of ice, which increases night and day. The seals slumber upon the icy blocks, and the birds of the tempest whirl about it.

TENTH EVENING.

I knew an old maid,—said the Moon, she wore every winter yellow satin trimmed with fur; it was always new; it was always her unvarying fashion; she wore every summer the same straw bonnet, and, I fancy, the very same blue-grey gown. She never went anywhere but to one old female friend of hers who lived on the other side the street;—during the last year, however, she did not even go there—because her old friend was dead. All solitarily sate my old maid working at her window, in which, through the whole summer, there stood beautiful flowers, and in the winter lovely cresses, grown on a little hillock of felt. During the last month, however, she no longer sate

at her window ; but I knew that she was still alive, because I had not seen her set out on that long journey of which she and her friend had so often talked. "Yes," she had said, "when I shall die, I shall have to take a longer journey than I ever took through my whole life ; the family burial-place lies above twenty miles from here ; thither must I be borne, and there shall I sleep with the rest of my kin."

Last night a carriage drew up at her door ; they carried out a coffin, and by that I knew that she was dead ; they laid straw around the coffin and drove away. There slept the quiet old maid, who for the last year had never been out of her house ; and the carriage rattled along the streets and out of the city, as if it had been on a journey of pleasure. Upon the high road it went on yet faster ; the fellow who drove looked over his shoulder several times ; I fancy that he was afraid of seeing her sitting in her yellow satin upon the coffin behind him ; he therefore urged on the horses thoughtlessly, holding them in so tightly that they foamed at the mouth : they were young and full of mettle ;

a hare ran across the road, and off they set at full speed. The quiet old maid, who from one year's end to another had moved only slowly in a narrow circle, now that she was dead, drove over stock and stone along the open high-road. The coffin, which was wrapped in matting, was shook off, and now lay upon the road, whilst horses, driver, and carriage, sped onward in a wild career.

The lark which flew upward singing from the meadow, warbled its morning song above the coffin; it then descended and alighted upon it, pecked at the matting with its beak, as if it were rending to pieces some strange insect.

The lark rose upward again, singing in the clear ether, and I withdrew behind the rosy clouds of morning.

ELEVENTH EVENING.

I will give thee a picture of Pompeii,—said the Moon. I have been in the suburbs, the Street of Tombs, as it is called, where once the rejoicing youths, with roses around their brows, danced with the lovely sisters of Lais. Now the silence of death reigns here ; German soldiers in the pay of Naples keep guard here, and play at cards and dice. A crowd of foreigners, from the other side of the mountains, wandered into the city, accompanied by the guard. They wished to see this city, arisen from the grave, by the full clear light of the Moon ; and I showed to them the tracks of the chariot-wheels in the streets paved with broad slabs of lava ; I showed to them the names upon

the doors and the signs which still remain suspended from the shop-fronts ; they looked into the basin of the fountains ornamented with shells and conches ; but no stream of water leaped upwards ; no song resounded from the richly painted chambers, where dogs of bronze guarded the doors. It was the city of the dead ; Vesuvius alone still thundered his eternal hymn.

We went to the temple of Venus, which is built of dazzling white marble, with broad steps ascending to its high altar, and a verdant weeping-willow growing between its columns. The air was exquisitely transparent and blue ; and in the back-ground towered Vesuvius, black as night : fires ascended from the crater of the mountain like the stem of a pine-tree ; the illumined cloud of smoke hung suspended in the stillness of night, like the pine-tree's crown, but red as blood. Among the strangers there, was a singer, a true and noble being, to whom I had seen homage paid in the greatest cities of Europe. When the party arrived at the amphitheatre, they all seated themselves upon the marble steps, and again, as in former

centuries, human beings occupied a portion of that space. The scene was now the same as in those former times ; the walls of the theatre, and the two arches in the background, through which might be seen the same decoration as then—Nature itself—the mountains between Sorento and Amalfi. The singer, for fun, threw herself back into those ancient times, and sung ; the scene inspired her ; she reminded the listener of the wild horse of Arabia, when it snorts and careers away, with its mane lifted by the wind ; there was the same ease, the same security ; she brought to mind the agonized mother at the cross of Golgotha ; there was the same heartfelt, deep sorrow. Once more resounded around her, as had resounded thousands of years before, the plaudits and acclamations of delight. “Happy ! heavenly gifted one !” exclaimed they all. Three minutes after and the scene was changed ; every one had departed ; no tone was heard any longer ; the whole party was gone ; but the ruins still stood unchanged, as they will stand for centuries, and no one knows of the

applause of the moment—of the beautiful singer—of her tones and her smile. All is past and forgotten; even to me is this hour a perished memory.

TWELFTH EVENING.

I peeped in at a critic's window,—said the Moon,—in a city of Germany. The room was filled with excellent furniture, books, and a chaos of papers; several young men were sitting there; the critic himself stood at his desk; two small books, both by young authors, were about to be reviewed. "One of these," said he, "has been sent to me; I have not read it though—but it is beautifully got up; what say you of its contents?"

"O," said one of the young men, who was himself a poet, "there is a deal that is good in it; very little to expunge; but, he is a young man, and the verses might be better! There is a healthy tone in the thoughts—but they are, after all, such thoughts as every-

body has!—but as to that, where does one find anything new? You may very well praise him, but I never believe that he will turn out anything of a poet. He has read a deal, however; is an extraordinary orientalist, and has sound judgment. He it was who wrote that beautiful critique of my *Fancies of Domestic Life*. One ought to be gentle towards a young man.”

“But he is a thorough ass!” said another gentleman in the room; “nothing worse in poetry than mediocrity, and he does not get above that!”

“Poor fellow,” said a third, “and his aunt makes herself so happy about him. She it was, Mr. Critic, who obtained so many subscribers’ names to your last translation.”

“The good woman! yes, I have given a short notice of the book. Unmistakeable talent! a welcome gift! a flower out of the garden of poesy; beautifully got out, and so on. But the other book—he shall catch it! I had to buy it.—I hear it is praised; he has genius, don’t you think?”

“That is the general opinion,” said the poet, “but there is something wild about it.”

“It will do him good to find fault and cut him up a little, else he will be getting too good an opinion of himself!”

“But that is unreasonable,” interrupted a fourth; “don’t let us dwell too much on trifling faults, but rejoice in the good—and there is much here—though he thrusts in good and bad altogether.”

“Unmistakeable talent!” wrote down the critic; “the usual examples of carelessness. That he also can write unlucky verse, may be seen at page five-and-twenty, where two hiatuses occur: the study of the ancients to be recommended, and so on.”

I went away, said the Moon,—and peeped through the window into the aunt’s house where sate our honored poet, the tame one, the worshipped of all the guests, and was happy.

“I sought out the other poet, the wild one, who also was in a great party of one of his patrons, where they talked about the other poet’s book. “I shall also read yours!” said Mæcenas, “but, honestly speaking, you know I never say to you what I do not mean; I do not expect great things from it. You are too wild for me! too fantastic—but I acknow-

ledge that as a man you are highly respectable !”

A young girl who sat in a corner read in a book :—

To the dust goes the poet's glory,
And common-place to fame !—
That is the trite old story,
And 'twill ever be the same !

THIRTEENTH EVENING.

The Moon told me as follows:—There lie two peasants' cottages by the road through the wood. The doors are low, and the windows are irregular, but all around them grow buckthorn and barberries; the roof is mossy and grown over with yellow-flowered stonecrop and houseleek; nothing but cabbages and potatoes grow in the little garden, but there grows in the hedge an elder-tree, and under this sate a little girl; and there she sate with her brown eyes riveted upon an old oak tree between the houses. This tree has a tall and decayed hole, the top of it is sawn off, and there the stork has built his nest; there he stood and clattered with his beak.

A little boy came out of the cottage and placed himself by the little girl's side ; they were brother and sister.

"What are you looking at ?" cried he.

"I am looking at the stork," she replied ; "the neighbor told me that this evening the stork will bring us either a little brother or sister ; and so now I will stand and watch when they come."

"The storks do not bring anything," said the boy. "The neighbor's wife told me the same thing ; but she laughed while she said it, and so I asked her if she durst say as sure as heaven, to it, but she dared not, and therefore I know that the story about the stork is only what they tell us children."

"Oh, really !" said the little girl.

"And I'll tell thee what," said the boy ; "It is our Lord himself that brings little babies ; he has them under his coat ; but nobody can see our Lord now, and therefore we do not see him when he comes."

At that same moment the twigs of the elder-tree were moved ; the children folded their hands and looked one at the other, for they thought that it was our Lord passing

along with the little ones. They stood side by side, and took hold of each other's hand.

The house-door opened, and out came the neighbor.

"Come in now," said she, "and see what the stork has brought; he has brought a little brother!"

The children nodded their heads; they knew very well that the little brother was come.

FOURTEENTH EVENING.

I passed over Luneburg Heath,—said the Moon,—a solitary house stood by the roadside ; some leafless trees grew beside it, and among these sung a nightingale which had lost its way. In the severity of the night it must perish ; that was its song of death which I heard. With the early twilight there came along the road a company of emigrant peasants, who were on their way to Bremen or Hamburgh, to take ship for America, where happiness—the so much dreamed-of happiness—they expected should spring up for them. The women carried their youngest children upon their backs, the older ones sprang along by their side ; a poor miserable horse dragged a car, on which were a

few articles of household furniture. The cold wind blew ; the little girl clung closer to her mother, who looked up to my round waning face and thought upon her bitter want.

Her thoughts were those of the whole company, and therefore the red glimmering of daylight was like the evangile of the sun of prosperity which should again rise. They heard the song of the dying nightingale ; it was to them no false prophet, but a foreteller of happiness. The wind whistled, but they understood not the song ; "Sail securely across the sea ! thou hast paid for the long voyage with all that thou art possessed of ; poor and helpless shalt thou set foot on thy land of Canaan. Thou mayst sell thyself, thy wife, and thy child, yet you shall none of you suffer long. Behind the broad fragrant leaf sits the goddess of death ; her kiss of welcome breathes consuming fever into thy blood, far away, far away, over the swelling waters !"

The emigrant company listened joyfully to the song of the nightingale, which they thought announced to them happiness. Day beamed from behind light clouds, and the

peasant people went over the heath to the church; the darkly-apparelled women, with their milk-white linen around their heads, looked like figures which had stepped forth from the old church paintings; all around them was nothing but the vast and death-like landscape, the withered brown heath—dark, leafless plains, in the midst of white sand-banks. The women carried their hymn-books in their hands, and advanced towards the church. Oh, pray! pray for them who wander onward to their graves on the other side of the heaving water!

FIFTEENTH EVENING.

I know a theatrical Clown,—said the Moon,—the public applauds when it sees him ; every one of his movements is comic, and throws the house into convulsions of laughter, and yet he is not moved thereby : that is his peculiarity. When he was yet a child, and played with other boys, he was already a punchinello. Nature had made him one ; had given him one lump upon his back, and another upon his breast. The inner man, however—the spiritual—that was really well-formed. No human being had deeper feeling, or greater elasticity of mind than he. The theatre was his ideal-world. Had he been slender and well proportioned, then he might have become a first-rate tragic

actor, for the great, the heroic, filled his soul ; but he was obliged to be the Clown. His sufferings, even, and his melancholy increased the comic expression of his strongly-marked countenance, and excited the laughter of the crowded public who applauded their favorite. The pretty little Columbine was friendly and kind to him, and yet she preferred marrying Harlequin. It would have been too comic in reality to have married the Clown ; like the union of " Beauty and the Beast." When the Clown was most out of humor, she was the only one who could make him smile—nay, even burst into peals of laughter. First of all she would be melancholy with him, then rather cheerful, and at last full of fun.

"I know what it is thou art in want of!" said she—"yes, it is this love !" and so he was obliged to laugh.

"Me and love !" exclaimed he. "That would be a merry thing ! How the public would applaud."

"It is love !" continued she ; and added, with comic pathos—"It is me that you love !"

"Yes ! and yet there are people who say there is no such thing as love !" The poor

Clown sprung up into the air, he was so diverted: his melancholy was now gone. And yet she had spoken the truth: he did love her—loved her like the sublime and great in art.

On her wedding-day he was more amusing than ever. At night he wept: had the public seen his distressed countenance then, they would have applauded him!

A few days ago Columbine died. On the day of her funeral Harlequin's appearance was excused on the stage, for he really was a mourning husband. The manager, however, was obliged to give something more merry than common, in order that the public should not miss too much the lovely Columbine and the light-bodied Harlequin, and for this reason it behoved the Clown to be doubly entertaining. He danced and sprung aloft with despair at his heart, and the public clapped their hands and shouted—"Bravo, bravissimo!" The clown was called for when the performance was over. Oh, he was invaluable!

This evening, after the play, the poor little man walked out from the city to the solitary churchyard. The garland of flowers

was withered on Columbine's grave ; he sate down. It was something worth painting. His hands under his chin, his eyes fixed upon the moon ; it was like a monumental figure. A clown upon a grave ! very peculiar and very comic ! Had the public seen their favorite then, how they would have shouted—" Bravo, Clown ! bravo, bravissimo !"

SIXTEENTH EVENING

Listen to what the Moon said.—I have seen the cadet, become an officer, dress himself for the first time in his splendid uniform ; I have seen the young girl in her beautiful ball-dress ; the young princely bride happy in her festival attire ; but the felicity of none of these could equal that which this evening I saw in a child, a little girl of four years. They had just put her on a new blue frock and a new pink bonnet. The beautiful things were scarcely on when they called for candles, because the moon-light through the window was too faint ; they must have other light. There stood the little girl as stiff as a doll, her arms stretched out from her frock, her fingers spread out wide from each other—and

oh ! how her eyes, her whole being, beamed with delight !

“To-morrow you shall go out into the street,” said the mother ; and the little one looked up towards her bonnet and down towards her frock, and smiled joyfully.

“Mother,” said she, “what will the dogs think, when they see me so beautifully dressed !”

SEVENTEENTH EVENING.

I have,—said the Moon,—told thee about Pompeii, that corpse of a city amongst living cities. I know another, one still more strange; not the corpse, but the ghost of a city. On all sides where the fountain splashes into a marble basin, I seem to hear stories of the floating city. Yes, the fountain-streams can tell them! The billows on the shore sing of them. Over the surface of the sea there often floats a mist, that is the widow's weeds. The sea's bridegroom is dead; his palace and city are now a mausoleum. Dost thou know this city? The rolling of the chariot-wheels, or the sound of the horse's hoof, were never heard in its streets. The fish swims, and like a spectre glides the black gondola over the green water.

I will,—continued the Moon,—show thee the forum of the city, the city's great square, and then thou wilt think it to be a city for adventures. Grass grows between the broad flag-stones, and thousands of tame pigeons fly circling in the twilight around the lofty tower. On three sides thou art surrounded by colonnades. The Turk, with his long pipe, sits silently beneath them; the handsome Greek-lad leans against a pillar, and looks up to the elevated trophies, the tall masts, the memorial of the ancient power. The flag hangs drooping like mourning crape; a girl stands there to rest herself, she has set down the heavy buckets of water, whilst the yoke on which she sustained them rests upon her shoulders, and she supports herself on the column of victory. That is not a fairy palace but a church which thou seest before thee! the gilded dome, the gilded balls around it, shine in my beams; the magnificent bronze horses upon it have traveled about like bronze horses in a fairy tale; they have traveled thither, away from their place, and then again back! Seest thou the beautiful painting on walls and win-

dow panes ? It is as if some genius had done the will of a child and thus decorated this extraordinary temple. Dost thou see the winged lion upon the pillar ? Gold yet shines upon it, but the wings are bound, the lion is dead because the king of the sea is dead ; the vast halls are empty, and where once hung costly pictures the naked walls are now seen. Lazzaroni sleep under the arches, where at one time only the high noble dared to tread. Either from the deep well or from the chamber of the leaden roof, near to the Bridge of Sighs, sounds forth a groan, whilst tamborines are heard from the painted gondola as the bridal-ring is cast from the glittering Bucen-taur to Adria, the queen of the sea. Adria, wrap thyself in mist ! let the widow's veil cover the breast, and cast it over thy bridegroom's mausoleum ;—the marble-builder, the spectre-like, Venice."

EIGHTEENTH EVENING.

I looked down upon a great theatre,—said the Moon,—the whole house was full of spectators, because a new actor made his debut; my beams fell upon a little window in the wall; a painted face pressed its forehead against the glass; it was the hero of the night. The chivalric beard curled upon his chin; but there were tears in the man's eyes, because he had been hissed—hissed with reason. Poor fellow! but the realm of art will not endure the feeble. He deeply felt and passionately loved art, but she did not love him.

The prompter's bell rung;—according to the piece, the hero stepped forth with a bold and determined air—thus had he to appear

before a public which burst into peals of laughter.—The piece was ended ; I saw a man wrapped in a cloak steal away down the steps ; it was he, the spirit-crushed cavalier ; the servants of the theatre whispered to each other as he passed. I followed the poor wretch home to his chamber. Hanging is such an ignominious death, and people have not always poison at hand. I know that he thought of both. He looked at his pale face in the glass ; half closed his eyes to see whether he would look handsome as a corpse. It is possible for people to be unfortunate in the highest degree, and yet in the highest degree vain at the same time. He thought upon death, upon self-murder ; I believe he wept in pity of himself—he wept bitterly, and when people have had a good fit of crying they do not kill themselves.

A year has passed since then. A comedy was acted, but this time in a little theatre, by a poor vagrant company. I saw again the well-known face, the painted cheeks, the curled beard. He again looked up to me and smiled—and yet for all that he had been hissed—hissed scarcely a minute before in

that miserable theatre, hissed by that miserable audience !

This very evening a poor hearse has driven out of the gate of the town ; not a single being accompanied it. There lay upon it a suicide, our painted and derided hero. The driver was the only attendant ; no one followed, no one except the Moon. In an angle of the churchyard wall is the self-murdered laid ; nettles will soon spring up thereon ; there will grave-diggers cast thorns and weeds from other graves.

NINETEENTH EVENING.

I come from Rome,—said the Moon,—there, in the middle of the city, upon one of the seven hills, lie the ruins of the palace of the Cæsars ; a wild fig-tree grows in a chink of the wall, and covers its nakedness with its broad, gray-green leaves ; the ass wanders over the heaps of rubbish among the laurel hedges, and feasts on the golden thistle. From this spot, whence the Roman eagle once flew forth, went, and saw, and conquered, the entrance is now through a small, miserable house, smeared with clay, between two broken pillars ; tendrils of the vine hang down, like a mourning garland, over the narrow window. An old woman, with her little grand-daughter lived there ; they ruled now

in the palace of the Cæsars, and showed to strangers the buried treasures. There remains of the rich throne-room nothing but a naked wall ; the shadow of the black cypress points to the place where the throne stood. The earth lies to the depth of some feet above the broken floor ; the little girl, now the daughter of the palace of the Cæsars, often sits there upon her little stool, when the evening bell rings. The keyhole in the door, close beside her, she calls her balcony, and through it she sees over half of Rome, as far as the mighty dome of St. Peter's.

It was silent as ever, this evening, and the little girl came homeward in my full, bright light. She carried upon her head an antiquely-formed earthen jug filled with water ; her feet were bare ; the black petticoat and the little chemise sleeves were in tatters ; I kissed the child's beautiful round shoulder, her black eyes, and her dark shining hair. She mounted up the steps of the house, which were steep, and were formed of broken pieces of wall and a shattered capital. The bright-colored lizard glided timidly past her feet, but she was not frightened ; she raised her

hand to ring at the door ; there hung a hare's foot in the packthread, which is now the bell-pull at the palace of the Cæsars. She stood stock-still for a moment ; what was she thinking about ? Perhaps of the beautiful Jesus-child clothed in gold and silver, in the chapel below, where the silver lamp was burning, and where her little-girl friends were singing in chorus as she knew ; I cannot tell if it was of this she thought ! but again she made a movement, and stumbled ; the earthen jug fell from her head and was shivered in pieces upon the broken marble pavement. She burst into tears ; the beautiful daughter of the palace of the Cæsars wept over the poor, broken, earthen jug ; she stood with her bare feet and wept, and dared not to pull at the pack-thread string, the bell-pull at the palace of the Cæsars.

TWENTIETH EVENING.

For upwards of fourteen days the Moon had not shone; now I saw it again, round and bright, standing above the slowly ascending clouds; listen to what the Moon related to me. I followed a caravan from one of the cities of Fez; it made a halt upon one of the salt plains, which glittered like an ice-field, and where one little stretch only was covered with moveable sand. The eldest of the caravan, with his water-flask hanging at his belt, and a bag of unleavened bread around his neck, marked out a square in the sand with his staff, and wrote therein some words of the koran; within this consecrated spot the whole caravan drew up. A young merchant, a child of the sun, as I could see by

his eye and by his beautiful form, rode thoughtfully upon his white and spirited charger. Perhaps he was thinking of his young and lovely wife. It was only two days since the camel, adorned with skins and costly shawls, bore her, a beautiful bride, around the walls of the city ; drums and bagpipes resounded, women sang, and shouts of joy were sent forth from those who surrounded the camel, the bridegroom shouted the gayest and the loudest of them all, and now—now he rode with the caravan across the desert. I accompanied them for many nights ; saw them rest beside the wells, among the crested palm trees ; they stabbed with a knife the fallen camel and cooked the flesh with fire. My beams cooled the burning sand ; my beams showed them the black masses of rock, islands of death in the immense ocean of sand. No hostile power had they met with upon their trackless path ; no storm was abroad ; no pillars of sand carried death over the caravan.

The lovely wife prayed to heaven for her husband and father. “Are they dead?” inquired she from my gilded horn. “Are they

dead?" inquired she from my beaming crescent. The desert now lies behind them; on this very evening they rest under the tall palm trees, around which circle the storks with their long wings; the pelican rushes down upon them from the branches of the mimosa. The luxuriant vegetation is trampled down by the many feet of the elephants; a troop of negro people come onward from a distant fair; women with copper buttons in their black hair, and in indigo-colored petticoats drive on the laden oxen on which the naked black children lie asleep. One negro leads in a thong a lion's cub, which he had purchased; they approach the caravan; the young merchant sits immoveable, silent; he thinks upon his lovely wife, dreams in this negro land of his white fragrant flower on the other side the desert; he lifts his head—A cloud passed over the Moon, and again a cloud. I heard no more that night.

TWENTY-FIRST EVENING.

I saw a little girl weeping,—said the Moon,—she wept because of the wickedness of the world. She had had a present made her of the most beautiful doll—Oh, it was a doll, so lovely and delicate, not at all fitted to struggle with misfortune! But the little girl's brother, a tall lad, had taken the doll and set it up in a high tree in the garden, and then had run away. The little girl could not reach the doll, could not help it down, and therefore she cried. The doll cried too, and stretched out her arms from among the green branches, and looked so distressed. Yes, this was one of the misfortunes of life of which her mamma had so often spoken. Oh, the poor doll! It already began to get dusk, and then

dismal night would come ! And was she to sit up there in the tree, and by herself all night ? No, the little girl would not endure the thought of that.

“I will stay with you !” said she, although she was not at all courageous. She began already to see quite plainly the little elves, in their tall pointed hats, peeping from between the bushes, and down the dusky alleys danced tall spectres, which came nearer and nearer. She stretched her hands up towards the tree in which the doll sate, and they laughed and pointed their fingers at her. Ah, how terrified was the little girl ! “But if one has not done anything wrong,” thought she, “nothing can do one any harm ! Have I done anything wrong ?”

She thought. “Ah, yes !” said she, “I laughed at the poor duck with the red rag tied round its leg ; it hobbled so comically, and that made me laugh ; but it is wrong to laugh at poor animals.”

“Have you laughed at poor animals ?” inquired she, looking up to the doll, and it seemed to her as if the doll shook her head.

TWENTY-SECOND EVENING.

I looked into the Tyrol,—said the Moon,—I caused the dark fir-trees to cast strong shadows upon the rocks. I saw the holy Christopher, with the child Jesus upon his shoulder, as he stood there against the wall of the houses, colossal in size from the foundation to the gable. The holy Florian carries water to the burning house, and Christ hangs bleeding upon the great cross by the wayside. These are old pictures for the new generation : I have, nevertheless, seen them depart one after another.

Aloft, in the projection of the mountains, a solitary nunnery hangs like a swallow's nest. Two sisters stood up in the tower, and rung the bell. They were both young, and there-

fore they looked out beyond the mountains into the world. A traveling carriage drove below along the high road, the postillion's horn resounded, and the poor nuns riveted with kindred thoughts their eyes upon it: there were tears in the eyes of the younger of the two. The horn sounded fainter and fainter: the bell of the nunnery overpowered its dying tones.

TWENTY-THIRD EVENING.

Listen to what the Moon said.—Many years ago, in Copenhagen, I peeped in at the window of a poor chamber. The father and mother slept, but the little son slept not. I saw the flowered cotton bed-hangings move, and the child peeped out. I fancied at first that he was looking at the Bornholm time-piece, it was so beautifully painted with red and green, and a cuckoo sate on the top of it; there were heavy leaden weights, and the pendulum with its shining brass surface, went to and fro, “dik, dik!” but it was not that which he was looking at—no, it was his mother’s spinning-wheel, which stood under the clock. That was the most precious piece of furniture in the whole house to the boy, but he did not dare to touch it, for if he did,

he got a rap on the fingers. All the time his mother was spinning he would sit beside her, and watch the humming spole and the turning wheel, and he had the while his own peculiar thoughts about them. Ah! if he could only dare thus to spin on the wheel! Father and mother were asleep; he looked at them, he looked at the wheel, and presently afterwards one little naked foot was pushed out of bed, and then another naked foot, then two little legs—thump! stood he upon the floor. He turned himself once round, however, to see whether father and mother slept. Yes, that they did! and so he went softly, very softly—in nothing but his short little shirt—to the wheel, and began to spin. The cord flew off, and the wheel ran round faster than ever. I kissed his yellow hair and his light blue eyes; it was a lovely picture. At that moment the mother awoke—the curtains moved—she looked out and thought about elves, or some other kind of little sprite.

“In the name of Jesus!” said she; and full of alarm, awoke her husband. He opened his eyes, rubbed them with his hands, and looked at the busy little creature.

“It is actually Bertel !” said he.

I withdrew my gaze from that poor chamber—I can see so far around me ! I looked at that very moment into the hall of the Vatican where the marble gods stand. I illumined the group of the Laocoon ; the stone seemed to sigh. I pressed my quiet kiss upon the muses’ breast ; I fancy it heaved. But my beams tarried longest upon the group of the Nile, upon the colossal god. He lay full of thought, supporting himself upon sphinxes : dreaming there as if he were thinking of the fleeting year ; little loves played around him with crocodiles. In the horn of plenty sate, with folded arms, and gazing upon the great river-god, a very little love, a true picture of the little boy with the wheel ; it was the same expression. Living and charming, here stood the little marble child ; and yet more than a thousand times had the wheel of the year gone round since it stood forth in stone. Just so many times as the boy in the poor chamber turned the wheel has the great wheel of time hummed round, and still shall hum, before the age creates another marble-god like this.

See, it is now many years since then. Last evening,—continued the Moon,—I looked down upon a creek in the east coast of Zealand. Beautiful woods were there, lofty mounds, an old mansion-house with red walls, swans in the moat, and a little trading town, with its church among the apple-orchards. A fleet of boats, each bearing a torch, glided over the unruffled water; it was not to catch fish that the torches were burning—no! everything was festal! Music sounded, a song was sung; and in the middle of one of the boats stood he whom they honored, a tall, strong man in a large cloak; he had blue eyes, and long white hair. I knew him, and thought upon the Vatican, and the Nile-group, and all the marble gods; I thought upon the poor little chamber where little Bertel sate in his short shirt and spun.

The wheel of time has gone round; new gods have ascended from the marble. “Hurrah!” resounded from the boats—“Hurrah for Bertel Thorwaldsen!”

TWENTY-FOURTH EVENING.

I will give thee a picture from Frankfort, —said the Moon :—I took notice of one building in particular. It was not the birth-place of Goethe, nor was it the old town-house, where, through the grated windows, are still exhibited the horned fronts of the oxen which were roasted and given to the people at the emperor's coronation, but it was the house of a citizen painted green and unpretending, at the corner of the narrow Jews' street. It was the house of the Rothschilds. I looked in at the open door; the flight of steps was strongly lighted; servants stood there with burning lights in massive silver candlesticks, and bowed themselves lowly before the old woman who was carried forth down the steps in a sedan chair. The master of the house

stood with bare head, and impressed reverentially a kiss upon the old woman's hand. It was his mother. She nodded kindly to him, and to the servants; and they carried her out into the narrow, dark street, into a little house, where she lived, and where her child was born, from whom all her good fortune had proceeded. If she were now to leave the despised street and the little house, then, perhaps, good fortune would leave him!—that was her belief.

The Moon told nothing more. Her visit to me was too short this evening; but I thought of the old woman in the narrow, despised street. Only one word about her—and she had her splendid house near the Thames; only one word about her—and her villa was situated on the Gulf of Naples.

“Were I to leave the mean little house where my son's good fortune began, then, perhaps, good fortune would leave him!”

This is a superstition, but of that kind which only requires, when the history is known and the picture seen, two words as a superscription to make it intelligible—A MOTHER.

TWENTY-FIFTH EVENING.

It was yesterday, in the morning twilight,—these were the Moon's own words,—not a chimney was yet smoking in the whole city, and it was precisely the chimneys that I was looking at. From one of these chimneys at that very moment came forth a little head, and then a half body, the arms of which rested on the coping stone of the chimney. "Hurrah!" It was a little chimney-sweeper lad, who, for the first time in his life, had mounted a chimney, and had thus put forth his head. "Hurrah!" Yes, there was some difference between this and creeping upwards in the narrow chimney! The air blew so fresh; he could look out over the whole city to the green wood. The sun had just risen;

round and large, it looked brightly into his face, which beamed with happiness, although it was famously smeared with soot.

“Now the whole city can see me, and the moon can see me, and the sun also!” and with that he flourished about his brush.

TWENTY-SIXTH EVENING.

Last night I looked down upon a city in China,—said the Moon. My beams illuminated the long naked walls which form the streets ; here and there, to be sure, is a door, but it is closed, because the Chinese troubled not themselves about the world outside. Impenetrable Venetian shutters covered the windows of the houses behind the walls ; from the temple alone light shone faintly through the window-glass. I looked in—looked in upon the brilliant splendor ; from floor to ceiling was covered with pictures in strong colors and rich gilding, which represented the works of the gods on earth. Their statues themselves stood in every niche, but mostly concealed by brilliant dra-

peries and suspended fans ; and before every divinity—they were all of tin—stood a little altar with holy water, flowers, and burning wax-lights. Supreme in the temple, however, stood Fu, the supreme divinity, dressed in a garment of silken stuff of the holy yellow color. At the foot of the altar sate a living figure, a young priest. He appeared to be praying, but in the midst of his prayer he sunk into deep thought ; and it certainly was sinful, because his cheeks burned, and his head bowed very low. Poor Souihoung ! Perhaps he was dreaming about working in one of the little flower-gardens which lie before every house behind the long wall of the street, and which was a far pleasanter occupation to him than trimming the wax-lights in the temple ; or was he longing to be seated at the well-covered board, and between every course to be wiping his lips with silver paper ? or was it a sin so great that if he had dared to utter it, the heavenly powers must have punished him with death ? Were his thoughts bold enough to take flight with the ship of the barbarians to their home, the remote England ? No, his thoughts did not fly so

far ; and yet they were as sinful as the warm blood of youth could make them—sinful here, in the temple before the statues of Fu and the holy deities. I knew where his thoughts were. In the most distant corner of the city, upon the flat, flagged roof, the parapet of which seemed to be made of porcelain, and where stood the beautiful vases in which grew large white campanulas, sate the youthful Pe, with her small roguish eyes, her pouting lips, and her least of all little feet. Her shoes pinched, but there was a more severe pinching at her heart ; she raised her delicate, blooming arms, and the satin rustled. Before her stood a glass bowl, in which were four gold fish : she stirred the water very softly with a beautifully painted and japaned stick. Oh, so slowly she stirred it because she was deep in thought ! Perhaps she was thinking how rich and golden was the apparel of the fish, how safely they lived in the glass bowl, and how luxuriously they were fed ; and yet, for all that, how much more happy they might be in freedom : yes, the idea distressed the beautiful Pe. Her thoughts passed away from her home ; her thoughts went into the

church, but it was not for the sake of the gods that they went there. Poor Pe! poor Soui-houng! Their earthly thoughts met, but my cold beam lay like a cherub's sword between them.

TWENTY-SEVENTH EVENING.

There was a calm,—said the Moon—the water was as transparent as the pure air through which I floated. I could see, far below the surface of the sea, the strange plants which, like giant trees in groves, heaved themselves up towards me with stems a fathom long, whilst the fish swam over their tops. High up in the air flew a flock of wild swans, one of which sank with wearied wings lower and lower: its eyes followed the airy caravan, which every moment became more distant; its pinions were expanded widely, and it sank, like a soap-bubble in the still air; it touched the surface of the water, bowed back its head between its wings, and lay still, like a white lotus

upon the calm Indian Sea. The breeze blew, and lifted up the bright surface of the water, which was brilliant as the air; there rolled on a large, broad billow—the swan lifted its head, and the shining water was poured, like blue fire, over its breast and back.

The dawn of day illumined the red clouds, and the swan rose up refreshed, and flew towards the ascending sun, towards the blue coast, whither had betaken themselves the airy caravan; but it flew alone—with longing in its breast, flew alone over the blue, the foaming water!

TWENTY-EIGHTH EVENING.

I will now give thee a picture from Sweden, said the Moon.—In the midst of black pine woods, not far from the melancholy shore of Roxe, lies the old convent-church of Wreta. My beams passed through the grating in the walls into the spacious vault where kings sleep in great stone coffins. On the wall above them, is placed, as an image of earthly magnificence, a king's crown, made of wood, painted and gilded, and held firm by a wooden pin, which is driven into the wall. The worm has eaten through the gilded wood, the spider has spun its web from the crown to the coffin; it is a mourning banner, perishable, as mourning for the dead!

How still they sleep! I remember them so

well ! I see now the bold smile on the lips which expressed joy or sorrow so strongly, so decisively. When the steam-vessel, like an enchanted ship, sails hither from the mountains, many a stranger comes to the church, visits this vault, and inquires the names of the kings, and these names sound forgotten and dead ; he looks upon the worm-eaten crown, smiles, and if he be of a pious turn of mind, there is melancholy in his smile.

Slumber ye dead ! the Moon remembers you. The Moon sends in the night her cold beams to your quiet kingdom, over which hangs the wooden crown !

TWENTY-NINTH EVENING.

Close beside the high road,—said the Moon,—lies a little public house, and just opposite to it is a great coach house. As the roof was under repair, I looked down between the beams and saw through the open trap-door into the great desolate space; the turkey slept upon the beam, and the saddle was laid to rest in the empty manger. In the middle of the place stood a travelling-carriage, within which the gentlefolks were sound asleep, whilst the horses were feeding, and the driver stretched his limbs, although I know very well that he slept soundly more than half the way. The door of the fellow's chamber stood open, and the bed looked as if he had tumbled neck and heels into it; the candle stood on the floor,

and burned low in the socket. The wind blew cold through the barn; and the time was nearer to daybreak than midnight. Upon the floor within the stall, slept a family of wandering musicians; father and mother were dreaming about the burning drop in the bottle; the pale little girl, she dreamed about the burning tears in her eyes. The harp lay at their head, and the dog at their feet.

THIRTIETH EVENING.

It was in a little trading town—said the Moon—I saw it last year; but that is nothing, for I saw it so plainly. This evening I read about it in the newspaper, but it was not nearly as plain there.

Down in the parlor of the public-house sate the master of the bear, and ate his supper. Bams, the bear, stood outside, tied to the fag-got-stake. The poor bear! he would not have done the least harm to any soul, for all his grim looks. Up in the garret there lay, in the bright light of the Moon, three little children: the eldest was six years old, the youngest not more than two. “Clap, clap!” came something up the stairs! What could it be? The door sprang open—it was Bams,

the great rough bear ! He had grown tired of standing out there in the yard, and he now found his way up the steps. I saw the whole thing,—said the Moon. The children were very much frightened at the great grim-looking beast, and crept each one of them into his corner ; but he found them all out, rubbed them with his snout, but did them no harm at all ! “It is certainly a big dog !” thought they ; and with that they patted him. He laid himself down on the floor, and the least boy tumbled upon him, and played at hiding his yellow curly head among his thick black hair. The eldest boy now took his drum and made a tremendous noise, and the bear rose up on his hind legs and began to dance. It was charming ! Each boy took his weapons ; the bear must have a gun, too, and he held it like a regular soldier. What a glorious comrade they had found ! and so they marched—“One, two ! one, two !”

Presently the door opened ; it was the children’s mother. You should have seen her—seen her speechless horror ; her face as white as a wall, her half-opened mouth, her

staring eyes; the least of the children, however, nodded so joyfully, and shouted with all his might—"We are playing at soldiers!" And with that, up came the bear's master!



S T O R I E S .

MY BOOTS.

THERE is a street in Rome which is called *Via della Purificazione*; yet nobody can say of it that it is purified. It goes up-hill and down-hill; cabbage stalks and old broken pots lie scattered about it; the smoke comes curling out of the door of the public-house, and the lady who lives opposite to me—yes, I cannot help it, but it is true—the lady on the opposite side, she shakes her sheets every morning out of the window. In this street there generally live many foreigners; this year, however, fear of the fever and malignant sickness keeps most of them in Naples and Florence. I lived quite alone in a great big house; neither the host nor hostess ever slept there at night.

It was a great, big, cold house, with a little wet garden, in which there grew only one row of peas, and a half-extinguished gilly-flower; and yet, in the very next garden, which lay higher, there were hedges of monthly roses, and trees full of yellow lemons. These last, spite of the incessant rain, looked vigorous; the roses, on the contrary, looked as if they had lain for eight days in the sea.

The evenings were so lonesome in the cold large rooms; the black chimney yawning between the windows, and without were rain and mist. All the doors were fastened with locks and iron bolts; but what good could that do? The wind whistled in a tone sharp enough to cut one in two through the cracks in the doors; the thin faggots kindled in the chimney, but did not send out their warmth very far; the cold stone floor, the damp walls and the lofty ceiling seemed only suited to the summer season.

If I would make myself right comfortable, I was obliged to put on my traveling fur-boots, my great coat, my cloak, and my fur-cap,—yes, and then I could do tolerably well.

To be sure, the side next the fire was half roasted ; but then, in this world, people must learn to turn and twist themselves about, and I turned myself like a sunflower.

The evenings were somewhat long ; but then the teeth took it into their heads to get up a nervous concert, and it was extraordinary with what alacrity the proposal was accepted. A downright Danish toothache cannot compare itself to an Italian one. Here the pain played upon the very fangs of the teeth, as if there sate a Liszt or a Thalberg at them ; now it thundered in the foreground, now in the background. There was an accordance and strength in the whole thing which at last drove me beside myself.

Besides the evening concerts, there were also nocturnal concerts ; and during such a one, while the windows rattled in the storm, and rain poured down in torrents, I threw a half-melancholy glance upon my night-lamp. My writing implements stood just by, and I saw, quite plainly, that the pen was dancing along over the paper as if it were guided by an invisible hand ; but it was not so ; it was guided by its own hand ; it wrote from dicta-

tion ; and who dictated ? Yes, it may sound incredible, but is the truth for all that. And when I say so, people will believe me. It was my boots,—my old Copenhagen boots—which, being soaked through and through with rain-water, now had their place in the chimney, near to the red glowing fire. Whilst I was suffering from toothache, they were suffering from dropsy ; they dictated their own autobiography, which, as it seems to me, may throw some light upon the Italian winter of 1840-41.

The Boots said,—

“ We are two brothers, Right and Left Boot. Our earliest recollection is of being strongly rubbed over with wax, and after that highly polished. I could see myself reflected in my brother ; my brother could see himself reflected in me ; and we saw that we were only one body,—a sort of Castor and Pollux ; a pair of together-grown Siamese, which fate has ordained to live and die, to exist, and not to exist, together. We were, both of us, native Copenhageners.

The shoemaker's apprentice carried us out into the world in his own hands, and this

gave rise to sweet, but alas ! false hopes of our destination. The person to whom we were thus brought, pulled us on by the ears, until we fitted to his legs, and then he went down stairs in us. We creaked for joy ! When we got out of doors it rained—we kept creaking on, however ; but only for the first day.

“Ah ! there is a great deal of bad weather to go through in this world ! We were not made for water boots, and therefore did not feel happy. No brushing ever gave us again the polish of our youth ; the polish which we possessed when the shoemaker’s apprentice carried us through the streets in his hand. Who can describe our joy, therefore, when we heard it said one morning, that we were going into foreign parts ! yes, were even going to Italy, to that mild, warm country, where we should only tread upon marble and classic ground ; drink in the sunshine, and, of a certainty, recover the brightness of our youth.

“We set out. Through the longest part of our journey we slept in the trunk, and dreamed about the warm countries. In the

cities or the country, we made good use of our eyes; it was, however, bad weather, and wet there also as in Denmark. Our soles were taken ill of palsy, and in Munich were obliged to be taken off, and we had a new pair; but these were so well done, that they looked like native soles.

“ ‘Oh, that we were but across the Alps!’ sighed we; there the weather is mild and good.’

“We came to the other side of the Alps, but we found neither mild nor good weather. It rained and blew; and when we trod upon marble, it was so icy-cold, that it forced the cold perspiration out of our soles; wherever we trod we left behind a wet impression. In the evenings, however, it was very amusing when the shoe-boys at the hotels collected and numbered the boots and shoes; and we were set among all these foreign companions and heard them tell about all the cities where they had been. There was once a pair of beautiful red morocco boots, with black feet, I think it was in Bologna, that told us all about their ascending Vesuvius, where their feet were burned off with the subterranean

heat. Ah! we could not help longing to die such a death.

“‘If we were but across the Appenines! If we were but in Rome!’ sighed we. And we came thither; but for one week after another have been tramping about in nothing but wet and mud. People must see everything; and wonderful sights and rainy weather, never come to an end. Not a single warm sunbeam has refreshed us; the cold wind is always whistling round us. Oh Rome! Rome! For the first time this night do we inhale warmth in this blessed chimney corner, and we will inhale it till we burst! The upper leathers are gone already,—nothing remains but the hind quarters, and they will soon give way. Before, however, we die this blessed death, we wish to leave our history behind us; and we wish also that our corpses should be taken to Berlin, to repose near to that man who had the heart and the courage to describe ‘Italy as it is,’—even by the truth-loving Nicolai.”

And with these words the boots crumbled to pieces.

All was still: my night-lamp had gone

out. I myself slumbered a little ; and when towards morning I awoke, I found it was all a dream ; but when I glanced towards the chimney-corner, I saw the boots all shrivelled up, standing like mummies beside the cold ashes ! I looked at the paper which lay near to my lamp—it was grey paper, full of ink spots—the pen unquestionably had been over it, but the words had all run one into another ; however the pen had written the *Memoirs of the Boots on grey paper*. That, however, which was legible I copied out ; and the people will be so good as to recollect that it is not I, but my boots, which make this complaint of *La bella Italia*.

SCENES ON THE DANUBE.

TO-DAY IS SUNDAY.

It is Sunday in the calendar ; it is Sunday in God's beautiful nature ! Let us go out into the hills toward Mehadia, the most delightfully situated of all the watering-places in Hungary. What a mass of flowers are in bloom in the tall green grass ! What gushes of sunshine upon the wood-covered sides of the hills ! The air is blue and transparent. To-day it is Sunday, and therefore all the people whom we meet are in holiday attire. The smooth, black, plaited hair of the girls is adorned with real flowers ; with a spray of laburnum, or a dark red carnation ; the white chemise sleeves are embroidered with green and red ; the petticoat resembles a deep fringe of red, blue, and yellow : even the old

grandmother is dressed in fringe, and wears a flower in her white linen head-band. Young men and boys have roses in their hats; the very least is arrayed in his best, and looks splendid; his short shirt hangs outside his dark-colored breeches; a spray of laburnum is wreathed round his large hat, which soon half buries his eyes. Yes, it is Sunday to-day!

What a solitude there is in these hills! Life and health gush in water out of these springs; music resounds from the stately, large pump-room; the nightingale sings in the clear sunshine, among the fragrant trees, where the wild vines climb from branch to branch.

Thou wonderful nature! to me the best, the holiest of churches! In the midst of thee my heart tells me that "this day is Sunday!"

We are again in Orsova. The brass ball upon the church-tower shines in the sun: the door is open. How solitary it is within. The priest stands in his robes and lifts up his voice; it is Father Adam; little Antonius kneels before him, and swings to and fro the censer; the elder boy, Hieronymus, has his

place in the middle of the church, and represents the whole Armenian congregation.

In front of the church, in the market-place, where the lime-trees are in blossom, there is a great dance of young and old. In the middle of the circle stand the musicians ; one blows the bag-pipe, the other scrapes the fiddle. The circle twists itself first to the right, then to the left. Everybody is in their utmost grandeur, with fringe, flowers, and bare feet. To-day it is Sunday !

Several little lads run about in nothing but a shirt ; upon their heads, however, they wear a large man's hat, and in the hat a flower. Official people, gentlemen and ladies all dressed in the fashion of Vienna, walk about to look at the people, the dancing people. The red evening sun illumines the white church tower, the amber-colored Danube, and the wood-crowned mountains of Servia : may it shine also in my song when I sing of it ! How beautiful and animated ! How fresh and peculiar ! Everything indicates a holiday. Everything shows that to-day is Sunday !

AT DRENCOVA.

About sunset I walked alone in the wood near the little town, where I fell in with some gipseys who had encamped round a fire for the night. When I returned back through the wood, I saw a handsome peasant-lad standing among the bushes, who bade me good evening in German. I asked him if this were his native tongue; he replied in the negative, and told me that he commonly spoke in the Wallacian language, but that he had learned German in the school. To judge by his dress he appeared very poor; but everything that he wore was so clean; his hair so smoothly combed; his eyes beamed with such an expression of happiness; there was something so thoughtful and so good in his countenance, as I rarely have seen in a child before. I asked him if he were intended for a soldier, and he replied, "Yes, we are all of us soldiers here, but I wish to be an officer, and therefore I learn everything that I can." There was a something in his whole manner so innocent, so noble, that actually, if I had been rich, I

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would have adopted that boy. I told him that he certainly must be an officer ; and that no doubt he would be one if he only zealously strove after it, and put his trust in God.

In reply to my question, whether he knew where Denmark was, he thought with himself for some time, and then said, "I fancy it is a long way from here—near Hamburgh."

I could not give an alms to this boy ; he seemed too noble to receive charity ; I asked him, therefore, to gather me a few flowers ; he ran away readily, and soon gathered me a beautiful nosegay. I took and said I shall buy these flowers. In that way he received payment ; he blushed deeply, and thanked me sweetly. He told me that his name was Adam Marco. I took one of my cards out of my pocket, and gave it to him, saying, "Some day when you are an officer, and perhaps may come to Denmark, then inquire for me, and your happiness will give me great pleasure. Be industrious, and put your trust in God ! There is no knowing what may happen."

Never did any unknown child make such a strong impression on me at the first meet-

ing, as did this. His noble deportment, his thoughtful innocent countenance, were his best patent of nobility. He *must* become an officer; and I will do my little towards it; committing it, it is true, to the hand of chance. And here I make my bow to every noble, rich, Hungarian lady, who, by any chance, may read this book, and who, perhaps, for the “Improvisatore” and “The Fiddler,” may have a kindly thought; the poet beseeches of her—or if he have, unknown to himself, a wealthy friend in Hungary, or in Wallacia, he beseeches also of him, to think of Adam Marco in Drencova, and to help your little countryman forward, if he deserve it!

THE SWINEHERDS.

Before a cottage, plastered of mud and straw, sat an old swineherd, a real Hungarian, and consequently a nobleman.* Very often

* The number of indigent nobles in Hungary is very great, and they live like peasants, in the most miserable huts.

had he laid his hand upon his heart, and said this to himself. The sun burnt hotly, and therefore he had turned the woolly side of his sheepskin outwards; his silver white hair hung around his characteristic brown countenance. He had got a new piece of linen, a shirt, and he was now preparing it for wear, according to his own fashion, which was this: he rubbed the fat of a piece of bacon into it; by this means it would keep clean so much the longer, and he could turn it first on one side and then on the other.

His grandson, a healthy-looking lad, whose long black hair was smoothed with the same kind of pomatum which the old man used to his shirt, stood just by, leaning on a staff. A long leathern bag hung on his shoulder. He also was a swineherd, and this very evening was going on board a vessel, which, towed by the steamboat Eros, was taking a freight of pigs to the imperial city of Vienna.

"You will be there in five days," said the old man. "When I was a young fellow, like you, it used to take six weeks for the journey. Step by step we went on through marshy roads, through forests, and over rocks. The

pigs, which at the beginning of the journey, were so fat that many of them died by the way, became thin and wretched before we came to our destination. Now, the world strides onward: everything gets easier!"

"We can smoke our pipes," said the youth; "lie in the sun in our warm skin-cloaks. Meadows and cities glide swiftly past us; the pigs fly along with us, and get fat on the journey. That is the life!"

"Everybody has his own notions," replied the old man; "I had mine. There is a pleasure even in difficulty. When in the forest I saw the gypsies roasting and boiling, I had to look sharply about me, to mind that my best pigs did not get into their clutches. Many a bit of fun have I had. I had to use my wits. I was put to my shifts; and sometimes had to use my fists as well. On the plain between the rocks, where, you know, the winds are shut in, I drove my herd: I drove it across the field where the invisible castle of the winds is built. There was neither house nor roof to be seen: the castle of the winds can only be felt. I drove the herd through the invisible chambers and halls.

I could see it very well ; the wall was storm, the door whirlwind ! Such a thing as that is worth all the trouble ; it gives a man something to talk about. What do you come to know, you who lie idling in the sunshine, in the great floating pig-sty ?”

And all the time the old man was talking, he kept rubbing the bacon-fat into his new shirt.

“Go with me to the Danube,” returned the youth ; “there you will see a dance of pigs, all so fat, till they are ready to burst. They do not like to go into the vessel ; we drive them with sticks ; they push one against another ; set themselves across ; stretch themselves out on the earth, run hither and thither, however fat and heavy they may be. That is a dance ! You would shake your sides with laughing ! — What a squealing there is ! All the musicians in Hungary could not make such a squealing as that out of all their bagpipes, let them blow as hard as they would ! How beautifully bright you have made your shirt look ; you can’t improve it. Go with me—now do—to the Danube ! I’ll give you something

to drink, grandfather ! In four days I shall be in the capital : what pomp and splendor I shall see there ! I will buy you a pair of red trowsers and plaited spurs !”

The old swineherd proudly lifted his head ; regarded the youthful Magyar with flashing eyes ; hung his shirt on the hook in the wall of the low mud cottage, in which there was nothing but a table, a bench, and a wooden chest ; he nodded with his head, and muttered to himself. “Nemes-ember van, nemes-ember én és vagyok.” (He is a nobleman ; I am also a nobleman !)

PEGASUS AND THE POST-HORSES.

A Dialogue.

PEOPLE have written descriptions of journeys in many ways; yet, I think, never in dialogue.

On the 24th of February, 1841, a traveling carriage with a deal of luggage drove out of Rome, through the *Porta San Giovanni*, drawn by two common post-horses; to these was, however, harnessed a third, which ran before the others, a creature full of fire and mettle—it was Pegasus himself; and there was nothing extraordinary in his having allowed himself to be thus harnessed, because inside the carriage there sate two poets and also a singer of great intellect, full of satisfaction and youthful enjoyment, for he was just come out of a monastery, and was on his way

to Naples to study thorough-bass. In Albano he had exchanged the dress of the monk for a regular handsomely cut suit of black, and he might have been taken for a poet. Besides these three, there was a lady, who was an enthusiast for poets and poetry, but could not sit with her back to the horses. It was, as anybody may see, a very respectable party for Pegasus to draw. They took the road to Naples: we will now listen to the dialogue.

FIRST DAY'S JOURNEY.

Pegasus.—The road to Albano runs along classic ground; by the side of aqueducts, miles long, which are decorated like the vestibule of a castle, and by graves overgrown by brushwood. A capuchin monk, with his begging-sack on his back, is the only person whom we have yet met. Now we are approaching the tomb of Ascanius. It towers upward with a gigantic colossus of masonry, overgrown with grass and bushes. Sing of all this, you poets inside there! sing of the Roman Campagna!

The Post-horses.—Take care, and pull

your share, you fellow ! What is the meaning of all those leaps ? Now we are going up hill. In Albano we shall stop two whole hours : they have good oats there, and a roomy stable. Ah ! we have a long way to go before we can rest to-night.

Pegasus.—Now we are in Albano. There is a house which we shall pass close by, in the street ; it is low, only two stories high, and very small. The door opens at this moment, a man in a hunter's dress comes forth ; he has pale cheeks and intensely black eyes ; it is Don Miguel, the ex-king of Portugal. Anybody could make a poem about that. Listen, you two poets there in the carriage ! But no, they don't hear ! One of them is making himself agreeable to the lady, and the other is busying his thoughts about a tragedy

The Post-horses.—Now we have been fed ; let us get ready to set out. It is a long stage up-hill and down. Don't stop looking at that stone, it is the grave of the Horatii—but it is an old story. Now, go along !

Pegasus.—What splendid trees ! What luxuriant evergreens ! The road lies deep

between the rocks; the water comes splashing down, and high up above on the mountains, between the tops of the trees, stands the magnificent dome of the church, as if in heaven. The bells sound. There stands a cross by the road-side; handsome girls are walking along, they bend before the cross and repeat their prayers on their rosary. We are approaching Genzano. The two poets alight from the carriage; they are going to see the Nemi lake, which was once the crater of a volcano. Yes, that is a much older story even than the Horatii. Let us canter whilst the poets get into an enthusiasm! They can catch us in Velletri. Let us have a gallop.

The Post-horses.—What is come to the first horse? he is like a mad thing! He can neither stand nor go! And yet one would think he was old enough to have learned both.

Pegasus.—Deep below us lie the green marshes overgrown with grass, and the rocky island of Circe in the sea. We are now in Cisterna, the little city where the Apostle Paul was met by his friends at Rome, when he was on his way to that city. Sing about

it, you poets ! The evening is beautiful ; the stars twinkle. There is a girl lovely enough for sculpture, in the public-house at Cisterna ; look at her, you poets ! And sing about the fire-lily of the marshes !

SECOND DAY'S JOURNEY.

The Post-horses.—Now do go a little cautiously ! not galloping in that way ! There is a carriage driving before us, which we are not to pass on the road. Did not you yourself hear that there are German ladies in that carriage, who have no gentlemen with them, and they have, therefore, besought us that they may travel in company with us because they are afraid of banditti ! It is not safe here ! A year and a day ago we heard the balls hissing past us at this spot.

Pegasus.—The rain falls in torrents ! Everything around us stands in water. The huts of reeds seem as if they were about to swim away from the green inundated island. Let us tear away ! The road is even. There lies a splendid monastery, but the monks are all gone ; the fogs of the marshes have driven

them; the walls and marble pillars of the monastery are covered with green mould; the grass grows between the stones of the pavement; the bats fly round about the cupola. We dash through the open cloister gates, right into the church, and there pull up! You should see how the lady we are drawing is horrified into a marble statue! You should hear our chapel-master singing here! his voice is beautiful; he sings hymns on account of his preservation, and the two poets will tell the whole world of their life-emperrilled adventures in the Pontine Marshes.

The Post-horses.—Take care you don't get a taste of the lash! Do keep the middle of the road! We shall soon be in Terracina, where we shall rest; and on the frontiers we shall rest; and at the Custom-house we shall rest. That is the best thing in the whole journey.

Pegasus.—The sunlight falls on the yellow-red cliffs; the marshes lie behind us. Three tall palm trees stand close by the road; we are in Terracina. What is become of our company? One of them ascends the rocks between tall cactuses; on each side are

gardens full of lemon and orange trees, every branch of which bends under the load of yellow, glittering fruit. He climbs the ruins of Theodoricksburg ; from there he looks over the marshes to the north, and his heart sings—

My wife,
My lovely, fragrant rose !
And thou, my child, my joy, my life,
My all that makes earth dear to me,
—Thou bud upon my rose !

But the other poet sits down below by the sea ; yes, out there, by the sea, upon a huge mass of rock. He wets his lips with salt water, and says with exultation, “Thou heaving, wind-lulled sea ! Thou embracest, like me, the whole world ; she is thy bride ; she is thy nurse. Thou singest of her in the storm ! In thy repose thou dreamest of heaven ! Thou bright, transparent sea !”

The Post-horses.—Of a truth those were capital oats we had in Terracina. It was a good road there also ; and we stopped such a charming long time in Fondi. See ! now again it goes up-hill. Of what good are the hills ? First up and then down again ! A fine pleasure that is.

Pegasus.—The weeping willows tremble in the wind. How like a snake the road winds along the hill-side, by ruinous mounds and olive woods, all illumined by the red evening sunlight. A picturesque little town lies below us, and the peasants, full of life, are thronging the road. There is poetry in these hills! Come hither, thou who canst sing of it! Place thyself upon my back! My poets in the carriage there sit and are quite lazy. We career onward in this still starlight night, past cyclopean masses of brickwork, where ivy hangs like a garment over caves where lurks a bandit—onwards, past the confused mass of groves where Cicero fell by the dagger of an assassin. Between hedges of laurel and glittering lemon trees we approach his villa : to-night we shall dream in Mola di Gaeta.

The Post-horses.—That has been a cursed bit of a road! How we will eat, how we will drink, if the oats are but good! We will hope they may have fresh water there, and that we may each find an empty stall!

THIRD DAY'S JOURNEY.

Pegasus.—Beneath the foliage roof of the orange trees sat the beautiful lady, and one of the poets read aloud to her Italian poetry ; glorious, melodious poetry ! The chapel-master leaned against the tall lemon tree, and listened and looked at the same time between the tall cypresses out upon the sea, where the sunshine caught the white sails of the ships. The other poet ran about in the fields, gathered red anemones, wove garlands, plucked first one and then another glowing orange ; and they leaped, like golden apples into the clear air. There was holiday in his heart : there was song upon his lips ! He felt, “ I am once more in Italy ! ”

The horses stood in the stable each with his head in the manger ; they also were well off. But where I stood, I, Pegasus, there was a door in the wall, and the door was open. I stretched out my head, and saw above the tops of the lemon trees and the dark cypresses, the white town upon the isthmus in the sea ; and I neighed so, that I fancy the poets recognized my voice.

The Post-horses.—Now we are going on again to Sancta Agatha! There provender is excellent. Then again on to Capua, where there is the strong fortress and the bad water; but then the journey is soon at an end.

Pegasus.—How blue the mountains are, though! How blue the sea is, and the sky, also, has its beaming blue; it is three shades of one color! It is love expressed in three languages. See, how bright the stars are! See, how the city before us is spangled with lights! It is Naples, the beautiful city, the gay city, Naples! Naples!

And we were in Naples.

THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES.

MANY years ago, there was an Emperor, who was so excessively fond of new clothes, that he spent all his money in dress. He did not trouble himself in the least about his soldiers; nor did he care to go either to the theatre or the chase, except for the opportunities then afforded him for displaying his new clothes. He had a different suit for each hour of the day; and as of any other king or emperor, one is accustomed to say, "he is sitting in council," it was always said of him, "The Emperor is sitting in his wardrobe."

Time passed merrily in the large town which was his capital; strangers arrived every day at the court. One day, two rogues, calling themselves weavers, made their appearance. They gave out that they knew

how to weave stuffs of the most beautiful colors and elaborate patterns, the clothes manufactured from which should have the wonderful property of remaining invisible to every one who was unfit for the office he held, or who was extraordinarily simple in character.

"These must, indeed, be splendid clothes!" thought the Emperor. "Had I such a suit, I might at once find out what men in my realms are unfit for their office, and also be able to distinguish the wise from the foolish! This stuff must be woven for me immediately." And he caused large sums of money to be given to both the weavers in order that they might begin their work directly.

So the two pretended weavers set up two looms, and affected to work very busily, though in reality they did nothing at all. They asked for the most delicate silk and the purest gold thread; put both into their own knapsacks; and then continued their pretended work at the empty looms until late at night.

"I should like to know how the weavers are getting on with my cloth," said the Em-

peror to himself, after some little time had elapsed; he was, however, rather embarrassed, when he remembered that a simpleton, or one unfit for his office, would be unable to see the manufacture. "To be sure," he thought, "he had nothing to risk in his own person; but yet, he would prefer sending somebody else, to bring him intelligence about the weavers, and their work, before he troubled himself in the affair." All the people throughout the city had heard of the wonderful property the cloth was to possess; and all were anxious to learn how wise, or how ignorant, their neighbors might prove to be.

"I will send my faithful old minister, to the weavers," said the Emperor at last, after some deliberation, "he will be best able to see how the cloth looks; for he is a man of sense, and no one can be more suitable for his office than he is."

So the faithful old minister went into the hall, where the knaves were working with all their might, at their empty looms. "What can be the meaning of this?" thought the old man, opening his eyes very wide. "I cannot discover the least bit of thread on the

looms." However, he did not express his thoughts aloud.

The impostors requested him very courteously to be so good as to come nearer their looms; and then asked him whether the design pleased him, and whether the colors were not very beautiful; at the same time pointing to the empty frames. The poor old minister looked and looked, he could not discover anything on the looms, for a very good reason, viz: there was nothing there. "What!" thought he again, "is it possible that I am a simpleton? I have never thought so myself; and no one must know it now if I am so. Can it be, that I am unfit for my office? No, that must not be said either. I will never confess that I could not see the stuff."

"Well, Sir Minister!" said one of the knaves, still pretending to work, "you do not say whether the stuff pleases you."

"Oh, it is excellent!" replied the old minister, looking at the loom through his spectacles. "This pattern, and the colors—yes, I will tell the Emperor without delay, how very beautiful I think them."

"We shall be much obliged to you," said the impostors, and then they named the different colors and described the pattern of the pretended stuff. The old minister listened attentively to their words, in order that he might repeat them to the Emperor; and then the knaves asked for more silk and gold, saying that it was necessary to complete what they had begun. However, they put all that was given them into their knapsacks; and continued to work with as much apparent diligence as before at their empty looms.

The Emperor now sent another officer of his court to see how the men were getting on, and to ascertain whether the cloth would soon be ready. It was just the same with this gentleman as with the minister; he surveyed the looms on all sides, but could see nothing at all but the empty frames.

"Does not the stuff appear as beautiful to you, as it did to my lord the minister?" asked the impostors of the Emperor's second ambassador; at the same time making the same gestures as before, and talking of the design and colors which were not there.

"I certainly am not stupid!" thought the

messenger. "It must be, that I am not fit for my good, profitable office! That is very odd; however, no one shall know anything about it." And accordingly he praised the stuff he could not see, and declared that he was delighted with both colors and patterns. "Indeed, please your Imperial Majesty," said he to his sovereign when he returned, "the cloth which the weavers are preparing is extraordinarily magnificent."

The whole city was talking of the splendid cloth which the Emperor had ordered to be woven at his own expense.

And now the Emperor himself wished to see the costly manufacture, while it was still in the loom. Accompanied by a select number of officers of the court, among whom were the two honest men who had already admired the cloth, he went to the crafty impostors, who, as soon as they were aware of the Emperor's approach, went on working more diligently than ever; although they still did not pass a single thread through the looms.

"Is not the work absolutely magnificent?" said the two officers of the crown, already mentioned. "If your majesty will only be

pleased to look at it ! what a splendid design ! what glorious colors !" and at the same time they pointed to the empty frames ; for they imagined that every one else could see this exquisite piece of workmanship.

"How is this ?" said the Emperor to himself, "I can see nothing ! this is indeed a terrible affair ! Am I a simpleton, or am I unfit to be an Emperor ? that would be the worst thing that could happen—Oh ! the cloth is charming," said he, aloud. "It has my complete approbation." And he smiled most graciously, and looked closely at the empty looms ; for on no account would he say that he could not see what two of the officers of his court had praised so much. All his retinue now strained their eyes, hoping to discover something on the looms, but they could see no more than the others ; nevertheless, they all exclaimed, "Oh how beautiful !" and advised his majesty to have some new clothes made from this splendid material, for the approaching procession. "Magnificent ! charming ! excellent !" resounded on all sides ; and every one was uncommonly gay. The Em-

peror shared in the general satisfaction ; and presented the impostors with the riband of an order of knighthood, to be worn in their button-holes, and the title of "Gentlemen Weavers."

The rogues sat up the whole of the night before the day on which the procession was to take place, and had sixteen lights burning, so that every one might see how anxious they were to finish the Emperor's new suit. They pretended to roll the cloth off the looms ; cut the air with their scissors ; and sewed with needles without any thread in them. "See !" cried they, at last, "the Emperor's new clothes are ready !"

And now the Emperor, with all the grantees of his court, came to the weavers ; and the rogues raised their arms, as if in the act of holding something up, saying, "Here are your Majesty's trowsers ! here is the scarf ! here is the mantle ! The whole suit is as light as a cobweb ; one might fancy one has nothing at all on, when dressed in it ; that, however, is the great virtue of this delicate cloth."

"Yes indeed!" said all the courtiers, although not one of them could see anything of this exquisite manufacture.

"If your Imperial Majesty will be graciously pleased to take off your clothes, we will fit on the new suit, in front of the looking glass."

The Emperor was accordingly undressed, and the rogues pretended to array him in his new suit; the Emperor turning round, from side to side, before the looking glass.

"How splendid his majesty looks in his new clothes! and how well they fit!" every one cried out. "What a design! what colors! these are indeed royal robes!"

"The canopy which is to be borne over your Majesty, in the procession, is waiting," announced the chief master of the ceremonies.

"I am quite ready," answered the Emperor. "Do my new clothes fit well?" asked he, turning himself round again before the looking glass, in order that he might appear to be examining his handsome suit.

The lords of the bed-chamber, who were to carry his Majesty's train felt about on the ground, as if they were lifting up the ends of

the mantle; and pretended to be carrying something; for they would by no means betray anything like simplicity, or unfitness for their office.

So now the Emperor walked under his high canopy in the midst of the procession, through the streets of his capital; and all the people standing by, and those at the windows, cried out, "Oh! how beautiful are our Emperor's new clothes! what a magnificent train there is to the mantle; and how gracefully the scarf hangs!" in short, no one would allow that he could not see these much-admired clothes; because, in doing so, he would have declared himself either a simpleton or unfit for his office. Certainly, none of the Emperor's various suits, had ever made so great an impression, as these invisible ones.

"But the Emperor has nothing at all on!" said a little child. "Listen to the voice of innocence!" exclaimed his father; and what the child had said was whispered from one to another.

"But he has nothing at all on!" at last cried out all the people. The Emperor was vexed, for he knew that the people were

right ; but he thought the procession must go on now ! And the lords of the bed-chamber took greater pains than ever, to appear holding up a train, although, in reality, there was no train to hold.

THE SWINEHERD.

THERE was once a poor Prince, who had a kingdom ; his kingdom was very small, but still quite large enough to marry upon ; and he wished to marry.

It was certainly rather cool of him to say to the Emperor's daughter, Will you have me ? But so he did ; for his name was renowned far and wide ; and there were a hundred princesses who would have answered, "Yes !" and "Thank you kindly." We shall see what this princess said.

Listen !

It happened that where the Prince's father lay buried, there grew a rose tree—a most beautiful rose tree, which blossomed only once in every five years, and even then bore only one flower, but that *was* a rose ! It smelt so

sweet that all cares and sorrows were forgotten by him who inhaled its fragrance.

And furthermore, the Prince had a nightingale, who could sing in such a manner that it seemed as though all sweet melodies dwelt in her little throat. So the Princess was to have the rose, and the nightingale ; and they were accordingly put into large silver caskets, and sent to her.

The Emperor had them brought into a large hall, where the Princess was playing at "Visiting," with the ladies of the court ; and when she saw the caskets with the presents, she clapped her hands for joy.

"Ah, if it were but a little pussy-cat !" said she ; but the rose tree, with its beautiful rose came to view.

"Oh, how prettily it is made !" said all the court ladies.

"It is more than pretty," said the Emperor, "it is charming !"

But the Princess touched it, and was almost ready to cry.

"Fie, papa !" said she, "it is not made at all, it is natural !"

"Let us see what is in the other casket,

before we get into a bad humor," said the Emperor. So the nightingale came forth and sang so delightfully that at first no one could say anything ill-humored of her.

"*Superbe ! charmant !*" exclaimed the ladies ; for they all used to chatter French, each one worse than her neighbor.

"How much the bird reminds me of the musical box that belonged to our blessed Empress," said an old knight. "Oh yes ! these are the same tones, the same execution."

"Yes ! yes !" said the Emperor, and he wept like a child at the remembrance.

"I will still hope that it is not a real bird," said the Princess.

"Yes, it is a real bird," said those who had brought it. "Well then let the bird fly," said the Princess ; and she positively refused to see the Prince.

However, he was not to be discouraged ; he daubed his face over brown and black ; pulled his cap over his ears, and knocked at the door.

"Good day to my lord, the Emperor !" said he. "Can I have employment at the palace ?"

"Why, yes," said the Emperor, "I want some one to take care of the pigs, for we have a great many of them."

So the Prince was appointed "Imperial Swineherd." He had a dirty little room close by the pig-sty; and there he sat the whole day, and worked. By the evening he had made a pretty little kitchen-pot. Little bells were hung all round it; and when the pot was boiling, these bells tinkled in the most charming manner, and played the old melody,

"Ach! du lieber Augustin,
Allest ist weg, weg, weg!"*

But what was still more curious, whoever held his finger in the smoke of the kitchen-pot, immediately smelt all the dishes that were cooking on every hearth in the city—this, you see, was something quite different from the rose.

Now the Princess happened to walk that way; and when she heard the tune, she stood quite still, and seemed pleased; for she could play "Lieber Augustine;" it was

* "Ah! dear Augustine!
All is gone, gone, gone!"

the only piece she knew ; and she played it with one finger.

“ Why there is my piece,” said the Princess ; “ that swineherd must certainly have been well educated ! go in and ask him the price of the instrument.”

So one of the court ladies must run in ; however, she drew on wooden slippers first.

“ What will you take for the kitchen-pot ?” said the lady.

“ I will have ten kisses from the Princess,” said the swineherd.

“ Yes, indeed !” said the lady.

“ I cannot sell it for less,” rejoined the swineherd.

“ He is an impudent fellow !” said the Princess, and she walked on ; but when she had gone a little way, the bells tinkled so prettily

“ Ach ! du lieber Augustin,
Alles ist weg, weg, weg !”

“ Stay,” said the Princess. “ Ask him if he will have ten kisses from the ladies of my court.”

“ No, thank you !” said the swineherd, “ ten kisses from the Princess, or I keep the kitchen-pot myself.”

“That must not be, either !” said the Princess, “but do you all stand before me that no one may see us.”

And the court-ladies placed themselves in front of her, and spread out their dresses—the swineherd got ten kisses, and the Princess—the kitchen-pot.

That was delightful ! the pot was boiling the whole evening, and the whole of the following day. They knew perfectly well what was cooking at every fire throughout the city, from the chamberlain’s to the cobbler’s ; the court-ladies danced and clapped their hands.

“We know who has soup, and who has pancakes for dinner to-day, who has cutlets, and who has eggs. How interesting !”

“Yes, but keep my secret, for I am an Emperor’s daughter.”

The swineherd—that is to say—the Prince, for no one knew that he was other than an ill-favored swineherd, let not a day pass without working at something ; he at last constructed a rattle, which, when it was swung round, played all the waltzes and jig tunes, which have ever been heard since the creation of the world.

“Ah, that is *superbe*!” said the Princess when she passed by, “I have never heard prettier compositions! Go in and ask him the price of the instrument; but mind, he shall have no more kisses!”

“He will have a hundred kisses from the Princess!” said the lady who had been to ask.

“I think he is not in his right senses!” said the Princess, and walked on, but when she had gone a little way, she stopped again. “One must encourage art,” said she, “I am the Emperor’s daughter. Tell him he shall, as on yesterday, have ten kisses from me, and may take the rest from the ladies of the court.”

“Oh!—but we should not like that at all!” said they. “What are you muttering?” asked the Princess; “if I can kiss him, surely you can. Remember that you owe everything to me.” So the ladies were obliged to go to him again.

“A hundred kisses from the Princess!” said he, “or else let every one keep his own.”

“Stand round!” said she; and all the ladies stood round her whilst the kissing was going on.

“What can be the reason for such a crowd close by the pig-sty?” said the Emperor, who happened just then to step out on the balcony; he rubbed his eyes, and put on his spectacles. “They are the ladies of the court; I must go down and see what they are about!” So he pulled up his slippers at the heel, for he had trodden them down.

As soon as he had got into the court-yard, he moved very softly, and the ladies were so much engrossed with counting the kisses, that all might go on fairly, that they did not perceive the Emperor. He rose on his tip-toes.

“What is all this?” said he, when he saw what was going on, and he boxed the Princess’s ears with his slipper, just as the swineherd was taking the eighty-sixth kiss.

“March out!” said the Emperor, for he was very angry; and both Princess and swineherd were thrust out of the city.

The Princess now stood and wept, the swineherd scolded, and the rain poured down.

“Alas! unhappy creature that I am!” said the Princess. “If I had but married the

handsome young Prince ! ah ! how unfortunate I am !”

And the swineherd went behind a tree, washed the black and brown color from his face, threw off his dirty clothes, and stepped forth in his princely robes ; he looked so noble that the Princess could not help bowing before him.

“I am come to despise thee,” said he. “Thou would’st not have an honorable Prince ! thou could’st not prize the rose and the nightingale, but thou wast ready to kiss the swineherd for the sake of a trumpery plaything. Thou art rightly served.”

He then went back to his own little kingdom, and shut the door of his palace in her face. Now she might well sing

“ Ach ! du lieber Augustine,
Alles ist weg, weg, weg !”

THE REAL PRINCESS.

THERE was once a Prince who wished to marry a Princess; but then she must be a real Princess. He travelled all over the world in hopes of finding such a lady; but there was always something wrong. Princesses he found in plenty; but whether they were real Princesses it was impossible for him to decide, for now one thing, now another, seemed to him not quite right about the ladies. At last he returned to his palace quite cast down, because he wished so much to have a real Princess for his wife.

One evening a fearful tempest arose, it thundered and lightened, and the rain poured down from the sky in torrents: besides, it was as dark as pitch. All at once there was heard a violent knocking at the door, and the

old King, the Prince's father, went out himself to open it.

It was a Princess who was standing outside the door. What with the rain and the wind, she was in a sad condition ; the water trickled down from her hair, and her clothes clung to her body. She said she was a real Princess.

" Ah ! we shall soon see that !" thought the old Queen-mother ; however, she said not a word of what she was going to do ; but went quietly into the bed-room, took all the bed-clothes off the bed, and put three little peas on the bedstead. She then laid twenty mattresses one upon another over the three peas, and put twenty feather beds over the mattresses.

Upon this bed the Princess was to pass the night.

The next morning she was asked how she had slept. " Oh, very badly indeed !" she replied. " I have scarcely closed my eyes the whole night through. I do not know what was in my bed, but I had something hard under me, and am all over black and blue. It has hurt me so much !"

Now it was plain that the lady must be a

real Princess, since she had been able to feel the three little peas through the twenty mattresses and twenty feather beds. None but a real Princess could have had such a delicate sense of feeling.

The Prince accordingly made her his wife ; being now convinced that he had found a real Princess. The three peas were however put into the cabinet of curiosities, where they are still to be seen, provided they are not lost.

Was not this lady a real delicacy.

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